

THE
LAUREL-WREATH;
BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
On Subjects Moral, Comic, and Divine.

By W. P.

VOL. II.

“ To err, is human—to forgive, divine.”

“ 'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain,
“ And charitably let the dull be vain.”

POPE.

Good-nature, speak.—Be Prejudice suppress'd.—
Let Justice weigh—and Candour do the rest.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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THE

THE
LAUREL-WREATH.

YOKES,

The Seat of RICHARD MASTERS, Esq;

’T WAS when the ev’ning of the vernal day,
In crimson mantle, look’d serenely gay,
And soften’d Æther breath’d a fresher gale,
I musing trod the rosy-bosom’d vale :
Where graceful MEREWORTH, with regal mien,
Extends her Pomp thro’ many a sylvan scene :
And YOKES, an ancient Mansion, stately stands,
With Eastern aspect smiling o’er the lands :
Circled in shade, the Muse on feeble wing,
Attempted thus this happy Spot to sing :
“ How much has Nature, with uncommon grace,
“ Her Beauties lavish’d on this ample Place !
“ Touch’d by thy hand, O Elegance, is seen
“ One fair appearance of resplendent mien !
“ Whether we traverse thro’ the varied shade,
“ By sycamore, pine, elm, or chesnut made,

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B

“ Where

“ Where Fairies haunt, or Hamadriads rove,
“ (In Midnight’s cincture lapp’d) from grove to grove:
“ Or, by fair Naiads guided, trace the rills
“ Devolving from the next contiguous hills,
“ Whose streams, excluded from the thirsty Sun,
“ In subterraneous beds from *Swanton* run;
“ To bring, in crystal sheets, the cool supply
“ Of playful fountains glitt’ring to the eye!
“ In wind’ing riv’lets, murmur’ring as they go,
“ Descending hence to azure ponds below,
“ Where sits the angler on their shrub-fring’d side,
“ While pensive pleasure’s his in silent pride!
“ —Thro’ each green vista length’ning views extend,
“ In *Pembry*’s tole the farther prospects end:
“ Prospects most wealthy, sprung from Nature’s bed,
“ With *Cantium*’s choicest boast, rich *Hop-lands*, spread,
“ Nor let the Muse minuter scenes disdain,
“ For well they mingle with descriptive strain.
“ Behold, the strong-wove fence, in mutual twines,
“ The *May*-lov’d hawthorn with sharp holly joins:
“ This, their recefs, the chanting choirists make,
“ While elegies of grief their broodlings wake,
“ Issued from *PHILOMEL*’s harmonious strains,
“ In plaintive trillings, echoed o’er the plains,
“ Around, how smooth the level hedge appears,
“ Save where its verdant canopy uprears,
“ A flow’r-bestudded arch mosaic shade,
“ For silent Contemplation sweetly made!
“ What time, o’er Natures beauty-varied face,
“ Pale Night descends with melancholy grace:

“ Here,

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

3

“ Here, might the Muse those soft perceptions find,
“ Which pensive silence yields the thoughtful mind,
“ In bright ideas!—For to them belong
“ Th’ enchanting pow’rs of care-beguiling song,
“ From Meditation’s stand—descending view
“ The garden, tufted with the column’d yew,
“ Betwixt the ample walks, its deeper green
“ For immemorial time has grac’d the scene:
“ Unmov’d by *ÆOL*, fashion’d as it stands,
“ It crowns the chaplet wove by *FLORA*’s hands;
“ Here, in *her Proteus* vest, she reigns supreme.
“ And courts *PRIAPUS* for the higher theme:
“ While fond *ZEPHYRUS* bears the rich perfume,
“ Fresh from *her* fragrant family of bloom,
“ Which vivid glow, with more than *Tyrian* dye,
“ To lavish colours on th’ enchanted eye.
“ —*Elysian* Spot!—transcendent happy vale!
“ Where *Tempe*’s charms—invite the vernal gale!
“ Long smile an honour to the country round;
“ With bliss be thy propitious Owner crown’d!
“ His Meads, where milky Flocks and Heifers range,
“ His grateful orchards know no Ruthful change:
“ And may the *Fair* *, by gentlest manners sway’d,
“ In mild Goodnature’s ev’ry grace array’d,
“ Secure, in *YOKES*’s amaranthine bow’rs,
“ Long share Contentment’s silver-vested hours!
“ Each happy circumstance with years increase,
“ And all her life be unmolested peace!”

* *Miss Colombine.*

B 2

DAMON



DAMON IN TEARS.

WRAP'T in the veil of dark desp'c
Indignant at his fate,
Sad DAMON (mers'd in woeful care),
Bemoan'd his sorrow'd state.

Upon a shaggy mountain's brow,
Beneath a shady pine,
He pour'd his heart-tormenting woe,
And thus was heard repine.

“ One morn, amid yon winding vale,
“ Where PAN attunes his quill,
“ I told LUCILLA all my Tale
“ Beside the flowing rill.

“ The offspring of my honest heart
“ LUCILLA soon approv'd:
“ She said; but ah! (curs'd female art!)
“ LUCILLA DAMON lov'd!

“ With mutual glee attest, ye Loves,
“ How oft we've trod the wild!
“ How oft have sought the tufted groves,
“ How oft the faithless simul'd,

“ And swore, the vernal woodland scene
“ Would unobserved die :
“ And Nature all, tho’ clad in green :
“ If DAMON was not nigh.

“ ’Twas Tempe wherefoe’er she went ;
“ What grace arround her shone ;
“ Which Envy, on her charms intent,
“ Declar’d to be her own !

“ She’d chuse, she said, a cot and stream,
“ With me to spend her youth :
“ Ah me ! tho’ Constancy her theme,
“ Her manners purest Truth,

“ Accursed wealth, that bright decoy,
“ Has lur’d her from my arms ;
“ Has robb’d me of celestial joy ;
“ Depriv’d me of her charms.

“ Must I behold her COLIN’s prize,
“ Seduc’d by fordid gain ?
“ Ye pow’rs, attend a wretch’s cries ;
“ Oh ! send her endless pain !

“ Ten thousand thousand fiends prepare
“ To haunt her nuptial bed :
“ Rack, rack her soul with conscious care,
“ By sore reflexion led !

“ Yet spare ; I cannot see, unmov’d,
“ LUCILLA this endure !

“ The Maid, whom I so lately lov’d
“ With passion real and pure.

“ Where Love once triumph’d o’er the soul,

“ Resentment may exist :
“ But Vengeance, with unheld controul,
“ Can never long subsist.

“ To heedless winds I’ll vent my sighs,

“ In some far-distant clime :
“ Till welcome death shall close my eyes,
“ And blast my luckless prime.



☞ HORACE, Book I. ODE V. Imitated.

*Quis nunc te fruitur credulus aurea-
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat nescius aurea
Fallacis !*

TELL me, POLLY, tell me truth,
Who is now the hapless youth,
Doom’d to fwell thy captive train,
Whilst he sighs, but sighs in vain ?
Tell me, whose affection brings
Ev’ry flow’r that grateful springs ?

Ev’ry

THE LAUREL WREATH.

Ev'ry boon that's rich or rare,
Emblem of a lover's care ?

When, with more than female skill,
Scattering Death around at will,
Like the *Cyprian* goddess, dight
In resplendent robes of white,
You, to tyrannize o'er man,
With contempt, display your Fan,
Who can view, and not adore ?—
(JOVE confesses BEAUTY's pow'r!)—
Yet, alas ! unhappy he
Ever doom'd a slave to be,
Who, perchance, a smile obtains,
Small relief to future pains !
Soon, too soon, his wounded heart
Feels the agonizing smart !
Soon, too soon, he's plung'd, like me,
In the depths of Misery !
Sleepless nights, and days of pain,
All the trophies he can gain !—

Spare your tears, enchantress ; spare
Tears—as false as you are fair !—
Wretched they who bear the yoke !—
Thanks to Heav'n ! my chain is broke !—
Now with coolness I can think
On the precipice's brink !
Now can view the stormy flood
Over which I whilom stood ;
Till, by gentler Fate releas'd,
All my toils and sorrows ceas'd !—

Now, my former cares forgot,
 Peace of mind's my happy lot !
 And, should CUPID strike again,
 Ev'ry dart's employ'd in vain !



ANACREON TIC.

WELCOME, friendly gleam of **NIGHT**,
 Form'd for revels and delight !
 Form'd sublimest joys to prove !—
 Season chose for Wine and Love !—
 Slumber still, ye Sons of Care,
 Doom'd the *Toils* of Life to share !
 Partners of my social bowl,
 Wake to bliss th'enchanted soul !
 Fill the sparkling goblets higher !
 Rouze—oh ! rouze—the dormant fire !
 While the fleeting moments shine—
 Rich with Love—and rich with Wine !



DAVID'S LAMENTATION for the DEATH of
 SAUL and JONATHAN, Paraphras'd.

WHEN DAVID heard his foes the field had gain'd,
 That princely SAUL and JONATHAN were
 slain : Q'erwhelm'd

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

9

O'erwhelm'd with grief, his regal robes he rent,
And all the day in lamentations spent.
O *Israel!*! *Israel!*! wretched state! he cry'd;
Where are thy warriors, where's thy martial pride?
How art thou sunk beneath the frowns of Fate,
Once happy, peaceful, and propitious state!
Where are thy champions, thou unhappy land,
To save Thee from the fierce invader's hand?
Black day of woe, when we those Heathens fought,
The fatal day that our misfortunes brought.
Oh! let not *Gath* the dismal tidings hear,
Or tongues in *Akkalon* proclaim our fear!
Let not *Philistia*, proud, exulting, know
Our dire disgrace, and fatal overthrow!
Avert it, Heav'n! lest they should trophies raise,
And turn thy works unto their idols praise.
Oh! let not one of *Israel's* tribes adorn
Their victors triumphs, over us, their scorn!
Good Lord, avert it! lest thy glorious name
Be made inferior to their *Dagon's* fame.
Be thou, *Gilboa*, ever wrapt in night,
Thou monument of our inglorious flight!
Henceforth, may'it thou perpetual Mourning wear;
On thee no more let genial dews appear,
Upon thy barren hills no rains be seen,
Unless they fall to weep this tragic scene:
For lo! on thee, the blood of *SAUL* was shed,
Tho' sacred oil adorn'd his holy head.
There too brave *JONATHAN* the valiant fell,
Whose courage could whole hosts of foes repel,

10 THE LAUREL-WREATH.

Till now the nations held his pow'r supreme,
And certain vict'ry crown'd each gallant scheme.

To SAUL how nearly was the youth allied,
Liv'd as he liv'd, and as he dy'd he dy'd !

O *Israel, Israel*, cease not to deplore,
But drop your tears in one promiscuous show'r.

Vanquish'd your hopes, your princely hopes are fled ;
Let marks of sorrow in each face be read.

Ye Hebrew Virgins, mourn for SAUL your king,
In sad'ning dirges your misfortunes sing ;
His gen'rous wealth Bestow'd your rich supply,
Clad you in silk, and gave you every joy.

Mourn with me, *Israel*, and my Loss deplore :
That best of brothers is to me no more !

Brave JONATHAN lies mangled on the plain ;
The dire misfortune rends my heart in twain.
No brother's love exceeded his to me ;
His death has struck me with keen misery.

O *Israel, Israel*, lasting is thy woe :
Thou fall'st a helpless Victim to the foe !



ON


ON PHILOSOPHY,
A POEM.

Philosophia est clavis Naturæ et Scientia celestis.

ALL hail, *Aonian Maids* ! Ye Nine, inspire
The sober essays of an artless lyre :
That heav'n-born Science I may learn to know,
And feel those joys the lib'ral arts bestow !
So shall my mind illimitably rise,
My fancy spread unbounded as the skies.
With aid propitious o'er the bard descend,
His numbers polish, and his lays befriend :
While, warm'd to gratitude, his Maker's praise
Directs his song in animated lays.
PHILOSOPHY, I hail thee, Seraph Maid,
In wisdom, sense, and limpid truth array'd,
From thee arises genius most refin'd,
The treasures of the scientific mind ;
Thro' thee, the soul serenely clear imparts
The worth of Science, and the strength of Arts ;
With ken conspicuous, Nature's prospects views,
And thro' his works th'unerring God pursues ;
Reason, from thee, derives her quick'ning might,
And gives to Wisdom brighter rays of light.
When dove-ey'd Solitude to rest invites,
And calm Retirement modest worth delights :

Where hallow'd Peace with Contemplation roves,
Thro' philosophic bliss-abounding groves :
There, in an undisturb'd and silent Cell,
Where downy Quiet best delights to dwell,
Cherubic Maid, PHILOSOPHY, be mine !
Instill my soul with extacy divine,
So she, ennobled, shall Creation's Plan
(With humble search) as far as may be, scan :
Advance with caution, and transported know.
We owe above, whate'er is lent below :
Taste all the bliss that Science can confign,
And see a power unerringly divine :
Creation's Lord—(great Cause-creating all)
O'er all that walk or fly, or swim or crawl !
To thee, PHILOSOPHY, to thee I bend !
Be thou my constant, never-failing friend !
Thro' thy assistance 'tis that we descry
The curious mechanism of man or fly,
Of fish or fowl, of camel or of ant :
And equal praise to Earth's CREATOR grant,
Who, to a vast abyss, a chaos-space,
Dark and unbounded by the bounds of place,
His sacred mandate gave, and conscious earth,
Rouz'd at his Fiat, waken'd into birth.
" Let light there be," he said ; and Light awoke,
And all the glory of its Maker spoke.
Creation pour'd around her plastic might,
And radiant PHOEBUS shed his infant light :
Whose glorious beams rejoic'd the rising day,
That siml'd beneath th'effulgence of his ray.

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

33

Prolific Nature cloath'd the recent ground,
In verdure's mantle wide extended round ;
The feather'd songsters hail'd the leafy grove,
And sung sweet carols of unartful Love :
In varied notes they gave their Maker praise,
In notes as high as Gratitude could raise :
In mutual pairs, o'er woods and groves they flew,
And Nature echoed with their music new.
Beasts of unnumber'd kind explor'd the plain ;
And finny tribes abounded thro' the main ;
Insects and reptiles spread the face of Earth :
And lordly man awaken'd into birth,
Form'd like his God, with Reason by his side,
Beyond the brute, his senses dignified.
The beamy Moon shied her alternate ray,
And made the Night appear a paler day :
Still keeps her stages, still her monthly race,
In wonted changes fraught with borrow'd grace.
The glowing firmament was pav'd with light,
With such magnificence, amazing might,
As spoke its Maker—Maker infinite. }
The comets bright in stated periods mov'd,
And frigid SATURN his Creator prov'd.
Earth on her center mov'd from pole to pole,
And surge o'er surge across the ocean roll.
Sapient PHILOSOPHY ! deriv'd from thee,
The splendid source of evidence we see :
The height of Virtue by thy influence gain,
And mortals sing the truth-directed strain.
By thee enlarg'd, the soul can doubts decide,
And soar on high with elevated pride :

The world-creating essence can descry,
And learn grave precepts from the starry sky.
By thee instructed, deathless Poets shine,
And fearless Sailors dare the burning Line.
Mortals are taught to live in amity,
And life, embellish'd, owes its sweets to thee.
When hoary Sages visit Nature thro',
And all her mazes to their source pursue,
They find a friend, PHILOSOPHY, in you. }
Blest is the man, thrice happy happy he,
Who seeks the Author of Eternity :
Where solid Knowledge unmolested springs,
From thee, PHILOSOPHY, the Key of Things,
Whose happy mind can ken the rightful laws
Of Heav'n, and learn, of Nature, Nature's Cause :
From whence she sprung—and why the downy snows
In silence fall—why threat'ning thunder rose
To shake the stable Earth, and whence begun
The course of Planets round the glorious Sun ?
If man would judge of Providence and Fate,
And form ideas of a future state,
To yonder shrine of bright PHILOSOPHY }
(Where trembling Atheists own a Deity,
And finite Reason finds Infinity) }
Let him repair, and fix his wand'ring soul:
For there thick doubts cease longer to controul,
While Nature's laws and heavenly motions own
Their wise Creator, awful THREE IN ONE !

IORACE,

HORACE, ODE XXIII. Book III. Translated.

WITH down-bent hands, if on the morn,
The young *PHYDILE* prays,
And offers up her fruits and swine,
Her Lares to appease :

Then, neither storms shall smite her vines,
Nor mildew seize her gain,
Nor shall her flocks, when Autumn reigns,
Feel aught autumnal pain.

Let kine bestain the axe with blood,
That oft *Albania* feed :
And herds, that live on *Algidum*,
For sacred incense, bleed.

The lesser Gods solicit not
The fatten'd victims gore :
Them, herbs and myrtle wreaths reward ;
Those giv'n, they ask no more.

From guiltless hands, the grateful cake,
Shall graciously prevail :
When wealthy hecatombs from guilt,
To please the Gods, shall fail.

HORACE,



HORACE, ODE XXV. Book III. Translated.

O H! when, by thee, great God of Wine,
 My bosom is possess'd :
 My spirits mount to heights divine,
 With transport heaves my breast !

Full of thy deity, I stray
 Thro' unfrequented shades :
 By thee inspir'd, fulfill the lay,
 The lay that never fades..

For CÆSAR's high renown, I tell,
 That he, with Gods above,
 Shall in *Elysian* mansions dwell,
 And councils hold with Jove.

A bolder theme shall tune my lyre,
 Consign me one that's new :
 Oh! let thy priestess me inspire,
 And her example shew.

As wild she looks and wildly strays
 O'er heaps of *Thracian* snows :
 And *Hebrus* and *Rhodope* surveys,
 All frantic as she goes :

Wild

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by thee, God of the train
Of Bacchanalian cheer :
I scorn the mean and vulgar strain,
What can thy Poet fear ?

When BACCHUS leads the cheerful way,
With cluster'd garlands crown'd :
I fear no ills ; can aught dismay ?
No danger can be found !



O N L O V E.

Y E tuneful Sisters of *Parnassian* shades,
Who breathe the pureness of embower'd glades !
Thro' Love's soft path, oh ! lead the Muse along :
Almighty Love directs her flight in song.
The tender offspring of enamour'd joy,
That dwells with VENUS and her filial boy ;
What joy is mine its purest bliss to prove,
Entranc'd with DAPHNE in the shadowy grove
And when, by Fancy led, *Arcadia's* vale,
Circles *Cytherian* o'er my thought prevail,
O Love ! how universal is thy sway !
Thy soft impulses all that live obey ;
The sun-brown'd *Aethiop* with thy ardour glows,
And at thy shrine the cold-pierc'd *Scythian* bows ;
Inflam'd

Inflam'd by thee, each bird salutes his mate,
While tender cares their am'rous breasts dilate ;
The patriot, who his country's safety plans,
And the Philosopher, who Nature scans,
Oft feeling, own thy irresistible fire,
And bow submissive to inwrought desire ;
At first, O Love ! by heav'n's wast thou design'd,
The cordial balsam of the human kind !
Sooni as the pangs of the impassion'd breast
Feel thy relief, then all within is rest :
The jarring passions sink to symphony,
And center calmly, peace-conjoin'd, by thee ;
The laurell'd chief, that golden sceptre sways,
Amidst his own commands, thy law obeys ;
The lucrous wretch, who doats on sordid gold,
Unlocks his chests, by mighty Love controul'd ;
The purple tyrant, who usurps his reign,
Descends a slave to CUPID's galling chain :
Lost to revenge, his bloody passions cease,
And, wrapt in Love, his heart dissolves to peace.
—Mixt with pure Friendship's flame, oh! let me prove
The mutual comfort of a genuine Love
From DAPHNE's breast,—by some cool riv'let's side,
While LOVE and CLIO every hour divide !



EXTEMPORAL

♪{X}♪{X}♪{*}♪{X}♪{X}♪

EXTEMPORE, upon being ask'd by a young
LADY " What was Love?"

IT is, my Maid, I can't tell what :
Something that dwells within the breast,
Which, when in motion once is got,
Again is seldom known to rest.

Something that bears a gen'ral rule,
Alternately will all controul :
Enslaves the wise man and the fool,
And kills the comfort of a bowl.

Something I feel, I can't tell why,
Nor how, my fair, 'tis very odd :
It makes me fold my arms and sigh,
And stupid as a lifeless clod.

It is a pain, I must declare,
Till now I knew not to endure :
If you would pity me, my fair,
Perhaps I might obtain a cure !



A PASTORAL.

D A M O N.

YE charms and blooms of joyful Spring,
 That gayly lead the year!
 Come hither, and your flow'rets bring,
 To deck my DAPHNE's hair;
 By her assistance, you'll appear
 More vernal, than the vernal year.

D A P H N E.

YE warblers sweet, prepare your throats,
 My DAMON to attend :
 For he excels the sweetest notes.
 Your mingled strains extend ;
 Repair to him, and thro' his aid,
 Youll learn to melodize the shade.

D A M O N.

SYRIUS reigns, ye pow'rs above,
 Defend from heat my Fair !
 Let coolest shades surround my love,
 My ever-constant care :
 The fragrant East, with all its sweets,
 Not half my DAPHNE's fragrance meets

D A P H N E.

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

D A P H N E.

SYLVANUS, watch my DAMON's kine,
His sheep and friskful lambs,
That in the wanton, dances join,
And leave their tender dams !
POMONA, o'er his orchards smile !
And hear me, CERES !—bles^s his toil !

D A M O N.

So long as I can tune the reed,
Let DAPHNE be my theme :
The maid, whom all the virtues lead,
And VENUS calls supreme :
The Fair, whom merit calls her own,
And all the Graces deign to crown.



THE INVITATION: Addressed to Miss SUSANNAH W——.

I.

COME, sprightly SUKEY, come and see,
What pleasures are in store for thee !
Oh ! come and view thy STREPHON's cell,
Where Mirth and bland Amusement dwell ;
Where ev'ry Wood-nymph tunes her throat,
In strains resembling SUKEY's note.

Where,

II.

Where, smiling in the lov'd retreat,
A thousand CUPIDS take their seat!
Where, blended with the blushing Rose,
The odorif'rous Woodbine blows!
Where ev'ry shrub and flow'ring tree
Exhales balsamic sweets for thee!

III.

EUPHROSYNE herself is here,
The nymph to lovers ever dear;
With guardian Sylphs, whose magic powers
Re-animate the languid hours;
Whose only care (if care they know)
Is—to teach Pleasure how to flow!

IV.

Then haste to join the jocund train,
And once more blest thy faithful swain.
Oh! what can equal joys like these?
The murmur'ring brook, the trembling breeze,
The moss-clad grot, the fountain clear,
Receive new charms, when SUKEY's near!

☞ H A P P I

HAPPINESS:

A RHAPSODICAL SOLILOQUY.

AH! whither shall I fly to seek thee?—Haste,
 Thou genial balm of dull mortality!
 “GOOD, PLEASURE, EASE, CONTENT;” or HAPPINESS,
 If that name please thee most!—Celestial Maid,
 Oh! deign to bliss thy youthful Vot’ry’s hours!
 Re-vivify my spirits; fill each void
 With joys unsullied!—Say, divinest Nymph,
 Where shall I trace thy footsteps? whither bend
 My eager search to find thee?—In the Grove,
 With Contemplation? In the Mossy Bowers,
 Encircled with the curling Woodbine’s shade
 And trembling Zephyrs? In the magic Cave
 Of calm Retirement? Shall I there behold
 Thy plastic visage? Thence, alas! arise
 Misanthropy and Grief, a train of ills,
 Unheard, unthought of!—Shall I seek in Love,
 Thy pleasing comforts? Can a female smile,
 The ruby lip or sweetly-glancing eye,
 The lively polish of the fairest face,
 Disperse the melancholy gloom of life?
 Ah! no; thence maladies unnumber’d spring;
 The transports temporary; the regrets

Irradicable,

Irradicable, ruthless!—Hath the State,
Pride's chief resort, sufficient charms to lure
The sickly soul to peace?—Forbid the thought!—
Ambition's sons the heaviest woes attend;
Dull, care-fraught days! and nights devoid of rest!—
Say, are the paths of Science those of Bliss?
Can Learning's lore be thine, sweet HAPPINESS?
Oh! let me climb the steep *Pierian* Rocks;
The summit of th' *Olympic* Mount attain;
Or lave in crystal streams, where dwell the Nymphs
Of bland *Aonia*! Let me contemplate
The page PLATONIC! or, enraptur'd, soar,
Where NEWTON leads, to realms etherial, bright
With mild effulgence! Let me scan the paths
Of devious Comets, or the splendid forms
Of Planets station'd! Let me join the train
Of Sages, Bards, Philosophers! pursue
The tracks of scientific skill! explore
The scenes capacious of my native globe,
The seat of Nature! if in those delights
Thou, dear FELICITY, wilt share; if thou
Wilt aid my labours!—But, alas! CONTENT
Wears not the academic garb; the source
Of many a toilsome thought! where ev'ry stretch
Of knowledge paints th'ascent more difficult!
Whither if kind MINERVA's soft'ring hand
A fav'rite Vot'ry should perchance direct,
Aloof he stands, and, struck with wild amaze,
Views the drear blank beneath him! In the void,
No soul congenial to divert his toil!

Painful

Painful Pre-eminence!—Above the World!—
Above Life's greatest joys!—Above Himself!—
Ah! why thus coy, thou elevated Good,
Thou Bliss primæval!—Teach me, brightest Nymph,
Thy secret haunts; thy lov'd retreats reveal;
Unveil thy radiant beauties; and disclose
The springs which lead the wand'ring soul to thee!

Yes, fair CONTENT, I catch thy pleasing smile,
And stand corrected!—With enraptur'd heart,
Thy mandates I obey—and plainly trace
Thy vestige in the “human Soul divine!”

Hail! Source of ev'ry Pleasure, ev'ry Joy!
For thou art PLEASURE; and without thy charms
Creation's bounds would prove a lifeless space!—
Like the mild show'r, thy bounties, unperceiv'd,
Shed their kind influence! Whilst th' Effect we feel,
The Source we see not!—Lost in deep amaze,
In vain we search; yet, grateful, own the hand
Of Providence benign, whose Equity
Presides o'er ev'ry deed; whose gracious Will
Ordains such Comforts for the sinful race
Of man—repentant!—Comforts, which, on earth,
Anticipate *th'expected Joys of Heaven!*





ODE TO BENEVOLENCE.

PARENT of Joy, Benevolence !
To thee, my Muse shall bring
An off'ring meet—her tribute due—
For thee, Benev'lence, sing.

Gay-smiling as the vernal year,
Thy charms resplendent shine.
In heav'n-born grace (thy native bloom)
While peerless Beauty's thine ?

No gloomy woe, or black distress,
Disturb thy blest abode :
Where'er thou art, thy smiles diffuse
The lustre of a God.

Dejected Care, at thy approach,
Forgets her penive vein :
And pale and needy Discontent
No more usurps her reign.

From social life the joy that springs,
Benevolence can give :
What gifts she bounteously bestows,
The grateful should receive.

The

The rays of Beauty's blooming throne
Upon thy bosom play :
With charms inspire thy lively looks,
And brighten human day.

Or mirthful dance, or festive song,
Can height of pleasure yield,
When thou the breast dilating sway'ft,
And keep'ft fair Reason's field.

Then, Pity sweetly rules the soul,
And bids the eye fast flow
With sympathetic tears, that gush
To shew the gen'rous woe.

Compassion-born, 'tis thine to aid,
And with delight to stray,
In search of Grief and Sorrow dire,
Nor scorn the hut of clay ;

To ease the peasant's mournful heart,
Whom pointed woe alarms :
Or sooth the Fair, whose anguish'd babe
Is dying in her arms.

Oft I, Benev'lence, thee have seen
'Midst Famine's ghastly train,
Uphold the Poor, and bid their hearts
Cease longer to complain.

Or when Disease, in pallid garb,
Health ravages away,
While on the cheek its welcome bloom
Forgets its rosy ray ;

Then too, with salutif'rous hand,
I've seen Benevolence
The sickly-drooping head upraise,
And vivid aid dispense.

He, whom her virtuous influence aids,
Shall be for ever blest :
Thro Life's uneven rugged ways,
No anguish wound his breast.

Nature, to him profusely kind,
Shall swell the fields with grain ;
While, warm'd with joy, his gen'rous soul
Shall sweep the burden'd plain.

Content, with all her heav'n of bliss,
Shall speak his heart to rest :
And ev'ry circumstance on earth,
With peace, shall fix his breast.

.....

.....



ON CALUMNY;

Being an ABBREVIATION of a much longer POEM.

Parcius ista viris tamen objicienda memento.

VIRG.

OFFSPRING of Envy and Detraction, come ;
 Extend your steps from Ignorance's home !
 In one black band with kindred fiends repair,
 And lift to *Truth* whom *Falshood* cannot bear !
 Methinks, I see pale *Envy* in the rear,
 And Malice too with squalid face appear :
Detraction sullen stalks morose along,
 And with *Ill-nature* joins th'invidious throng,
 With down-bent look, lest *Truth* she should descry,
 White-vested *Truth* is torture to her eye ;
 From some dark *Cyclopean* dreary den,
 Remote from day-light and the sons of men,
 Where blackest Night incessant holds her reign,
 And howling Furies never-ceasing plain,
 Tear their own bowels with dæmoniac rage,
 And endless war with Reputation wage ;
 She comes, invok'd, her relatives to head,
 From Justice, *Truth*, and all the Virtues fled.
 You sumptuous seats, whose turrets brave the sky,
 And gilded roofs on *Doric* pillars lie,

The hateful band with savage writh invade,
Nor yield a sanction unto Pride's parade.
Alike they trespass on the hind's retreat,
And stab the little honest and the great.
Lie latent far and near to deal around
(Unseen) the keenest *more* than mortal wound.
All good repute, tho' borne on Truth's strong wing,
From heights of honour and of glory fling.
On Merit, rob'd in Innocency, frown,
And sound no Virtue where the Virtues shone.
Look from the Torrid to the Frigid Zone,
Envvy and Malice call the world their own ;
In Shapes of Youth and Age, extend the wing
To stab Mankind with unsuspected sting.
Virtue and Grace beneath the monsters lie,
From court to cottage where their arrows fly.
The just, the modest, prudent, and the gay,
Their venom'd darts in heaps promiscuous slay ;
Times past, and come, their partial scourges bear
Their aspy virus and foul satyr share.
Is there a man in shining Virtue cloath'd ?
Is he not sure by Envy to be loath'd ?
Who shall an action do that's worthy fame,
On him she fixes some pretended blame :
See him, who sav'd his country, crush'd her foes,
Egregious Falshood on his fame she throws ;
Let Truth extol him to the vaulted skies,
He sinks beneath her quick-invented lies.
See you a man whose ev'ry action's clear,
His conduct blameless, as his soul's sincere :

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

38

Him shall the fiend with fragrant spite detest,
And name the worst, whoever calls him best ;
Or view the man with philosophic sense,
With him this fiend cannot at all dispense ?
But scorns in public his pedantic rule ;
And scruples not to dub the Sage a Fool ;
Sneering, allows him sense, which in himself
He sees—as misers view their hidden pelf.
Is there a man, whose free and open soul
Or Vice or Av'rice never once controul ?
Some secret crime, which she alone of knows,
She feigns is his, and to reveal it glows ;
Red-hot with Slander, now she rears her tongue,
With all the sharpness of keen daggers hung :
Observe the man to widow'd woman kind,
Whom gentle Pity and Good-nature bind :
“ I fear,” she cries, “ here lurks some private end ;
“ He's not the Widow's undissembled Friend.”
There are who see the helpless orphan left,
Of parent destitute, of friend bereft ;
Whose gen'rous souls' with mild Compassion fraught,
Are sympathetic by Religion taught :
The mind of Innocence becomes their care,
In ev'ry principle that's good and fair ;
With eye paternal, they protect his lands
From vile encroachment of rapacious hands ;
Without one view of int'rest take his wealth,
And scorn embezzling for the use of Self ;

C 4

By

By Malice influenc'd, them she'll strait arraign,
 And loudly cry " The tender Guardians gain."
 See you a man of priestly order, who
 By good example learns; his precepts new,
 With pious heart who Scripture Truth displays,
 And acts obedient to their sacred rays?
 Him Calumny attacks, and vilely deems,
 Not half so pious as he truly seems;
 " Oh! what an hypocrite!" she basely says;
 " Religion covers all his wicked ways;
 " Without, how good! but could you look within,
 " You'd start astound at his abundant sin!"
 Is there a man, from whose prolific pen
 Flows all that Science gives to man for men?
 The Muse's minion, Genius made her own,
 As o'er his lays her fadeless spirit shone:
 Him shall the fiend with plagiary upbraid,
 And strives to blacken what can never fade.
 Thus on all worth, her livid lies she loads,
 With sting of serpent and with gall of toads!
 Fiends, Furies, match her; match her, if you can,
 Sworn foe profess'd to Virtue and to Man.
 But ah! it shocks me, see amongst the Fair,
 She lives caref'd with more than manly care!
 In female breasts she finds a friendly shade,
 From lovely NANCY down to NANCY's Maid.
 Young COQUETILLA, in assembled chat,
 Traduces this Fair, and will lye of That:
 " Come, darling Calumny; oh! come to me,
 " Oh! let me Slander join to fragrant Tea,"

THE LAUREL-WREATH. 33

She says ! she comes ; then on her words awaits,
More strength, the more sweet COQUETILLA prates :
The lies innum'rous, which she strives to teach,
Greatly triumphant in each hateful speech,
Which PRUDERILLA or LAVILLA make,
Or SCANDALERA (finish'd female Rake).
Strange this corruption, most degen'rate Fair !
Oh ! condescend to hear the poet's pray'r,
As farthest World's confess BRITANNIA'S Isle
Wears Heav'n's best blessings under Nature's smile,
And eke confess, that *Britain's* envied Fair,
Of female kind by far the loveliest are ;
Oh ! let them not with Calumny upbraid
The *British* Matron, or the *British* Maid ;
Black Fiend, avaunt, quick from *Britannia* go,
Henceforth reside in deepest pits below !
No more, fell Fury, fascinate or blind
The lucid Reason of the freeborn Mind !
For Truth is great—and, look you e'er so pale,
It will, it must, and ever shall prevail !





A SHOP BILL VERSIFIED.

I J——H W——s, of the Grocery Calling,
And facing the Swan, in Little Town-malling;
Sell—Pattens and Clogs, Penny Hist'ries and Ballads,
Train, Lamp, Barbers, Shoe, Oil; with finer for
Sallads;
Fine Ink and Ink-stands; Black and Red Sealing
Wax;
Knives, Scissors, Red Herrings, and Shoemakers
Tacks;
Durham Mustard, and good pickled Cucumbers fine;
Common Vinegar, Sagoe, and Vinegar Wine;
Pearl Barley, and Lamb Black, Pitch, Alum, Black
Lead;
With Wafers, Slate Pencils, Black, Leaden, and Red;
Tar, Sulphur; Stone Brimstone, and Grease for the
Wheels;
Watch-Keys, Iv'ry-black, Pencil-Cases, and Seals;
Lamps, Cotton for Lamps, Yellow Oker and Red;
Bees Wax, German Blacking Balls, Pack and Ran
Thread;
Fullers Earth, Burs, and Rubbers, with Sand Red
and White;
Quills, Pens, and plain Paper, which teach you to write;
Stones, Rag and Fire; Powder, Battle and Common;
Mops, Brooms too, and Brushes (much ask'd for by
Woman;) Oranges

Oranges and Lemons must not be forgot ;
 Starch, Poland and Common; Hair Powder, and Shot ;
 'Mid articles many, my Shop can produce,
 Flint, Ifinglass, Oatmeal, and Liquorice Juice ;
 Salt, Common and Basket, Prunella and Bay ;
 Salt-petre, and Pot-ash, and Pins for the Stay ;
 Hard Soap, and good Soft ; with fine Powder Blue ;
 With Bird-Seeds of all sorts, as good as e'er grew ;
 Flat and Fig-Indigo, with Hemp, Rape, and Rice ;
 And Oatmeal Grits too, at a moderate Price ;
 For Puddings, good Women, I've fine parted Peas !
 And Tin-Ware of all Sorts, all sizes to please ;
 With Primmers, and Horn-Books, some grown folks
 might read ;

Lanthorns, Powder-Horns, Anise and Canary Seed ;
 Sifters, Cullenders, Bibles, and Comon Pray'r Books ;
 Thimbles, and Spelling Books, Testaments, and
 Hooks ;

Writing Memorandum Books, Magazines, News,]
 * All Books, and all Pamphlets ; whatever you chuse,]
 Or Weekly or Monthly, here buy and peruse ;
 Wood Cuts, Childrens Lott'ries ; Paper, gilt fine ;
 Or Cartridge, or Common ;—Cords, Whipcords, and
 Twine ;

Chopping-thread, Knitting-needles ; Iron and Brass :
 With all sorts of Spectacles, all kinds of Glass ;
 I've Chipt, Candied, Orange, and eke Lemon Peel :
 With Bath-metal Buckles, and Buckles of Steel,

* The LAUREL-WREATH is sold by Mr. WILKINS.

And Mourning, and White-metal Ditto you'll find ;
I've Horn Combs, and Iv'ry :—Pray, Ladies, be kind.
Metal, Glafs and Black Buttons ; with Snuff-boxes

 nice ;

Spoons, Metal, and Pewter :—you'll all like the Price.
Here's ! Hooks and Eyes ! Snuffers, and neat Bottle
 Screws ;
Russia Hairs, and Awl Blades—For the CRISPINS OF
 Shoes ;

Good-Jews Harps of Iron, or Brass, if you please ;
Pig Rings, and Hog Ditto, and Rings for your Keys ;
For White-Chapel Needles, none with me compare ;
Besides, I have Delf and all sorts of Stone Ware ;
I have Hop-Bagging fine ; if you want, I have coarse ;
Good China that's foreign, and English that's worse ;
I've Hesson, and Barriss, good Dowlass and Checks ;
With Kerchiefs for Pockets, and Ditto for Necks ;
Silk, Soofey, or Scotch ;—With strong Tape for
 skirting :

Hibernian Cloth ; and the strongest blue Shirting ;
Sewing Silks ; Silk Ferrets ; Ribbands figur'd and
 plain ;

Shoe and Quality-Binding, for sale I retain ;
With Strapping for JOHNNY, and Bobbing for
 KITTY ;

With Gart'ring of all sorts, and eke None-so-pretty ;
Good Thumb-laces, of Silk, and some Baladine ;
Ferret ; Cotton, Thread, Worsted, and Shirt-Buttons
 fine ;

Number Threads, Common Ditto, every sort on ;
Yarns, Worsted, Cruels, and very best Cotton ;

With

With Pins, Hats, and Chocolate, Coffee, and Tea ;
 Barley-sugar ; Snuff, Spanish, Scotch, and Rappee ;
 Corianders, and Caraways, sugar'd all o'er ;
 And Biscuits of Savoy, no one I think more ;
 Sugar Cakes, Sugar Almonds, and Cakes Macceroon ;
 Which finish my List, lest you think it too soon.
 Good Gemmen and Ladies, once more let me tell,
 Tobacco and Grocery of all Sorts I sell !
 And, what's more important, I deal in some Slops ;
 The Elixir of DAFFY, and BATEMAN's fam'd Drops ;
 By the Patentee's Licence, I give them to sale ;
 With, the Cordial of GODFREY, which never will
 fail ;
 Elixir of RADCLIFF, British Oil, and Scotch Pills ;
 And HOOPER's Specific, for Feminine Ills.

The COMPLAINT and PETITION.

I Call not on the faithless Nine: those jilts,
 To them I've often pour'd my matin lay ;
 To them my vigils too have oft been lent ;
 Their aid I sought with patience ; meant to raise
 My sinking Fortune, and to fill my purse
 Long empty.—In vain I sought, for whilst
 Their smiles I courted, rigid frowns I caught ;
 Still more, I funk attempting still to rise.
 Infidious Maids, your *Helicon* I scorn !

Much

Much more avails, what ALBUMAZER taught,
HIPPOCRATES or learned GALEN wrote.

—To *Ars medendi* bred, behold the Dons,
Pillars of Healing, how they roll superb,
Or swing along, beneath the penthouse huge
Of scientific medicated hair ?
Importance vast fits solemn on their phiz :
And from the axis of their intellects,
With force oracular, Opinion springs !—
Ye salutif'rous sages, hail ! your skill
Approv'd !—It is for You, great Sixs, for You,
Potosi's Mines immense their Treasures yield :
Which beam the Essence, *March-Dust* of the Cause.

—Give me, great Pow'rs, a DALMAHOYIAN Bush ;
The bulk and front of that empiric Rock ;
The soft-persuasive tongue of liquid FRANKS,
Connected to a FOTHERGILLIAN Fame :
What then impedes my phynical career ?
The splendid chariot mine, and mine the air
Of seeming thoughtful, whilst I only nod,
Attention feigning to some learned page ;
On knee reclin'd, as streets observant thro'
The Doctor rolls with dignity his own.

PUDDING.

P U D D I N G - P Y I N G .

A SONG.

GOOSETTA is so dear a Lass,
I swear by all that's good in mass,
That, if her bard was dying,
He must beseech the tyrant Death,
One day to spare his fleeting breath,
To go to Pudding-pying.

In fustian coat, red waistcoat, dress'd :
Last Sunday to my Fair I press'd ;
Ah me ! the Nymph was crying !
(My presence dissipates her tears)
That I'd not come, those were her fears,
To go to Pudding-pying.

Percht up in *Phaëtonic* Car,
Ye Bucks and Bloods, I won't debar
Your jemmy way of flying :
What tainted Nymphs your cars attend !
O, fie ! O, fie ! your morals mend,
And go to Pudding-pying.

See,

See, now the blady-springing green,
Begins to ope a vernal scene.

Her power FLORA's trying :
Young Innocence with modest eye
Is thine, GOOSSETTA ; let us fly
To dear, dear Pudding-pying.

THE SEARCH after VIRTUE, an ODE.

Being Part of an Epistle to a Young Lady.

I.

WHILE Folly triumphs o'er the vain,
And Virtue suff'ring lies :
While ALL the virtuous path disdain,
Except the virtuous wise :

II.

Oh ! let the Muse the soil explore,
Where grows the sov'reign plant,
From Heav'n deriv'd, the richest store,
That Heav'n to Earth can grant !

III.

Oh ! crown the Muse, whose Poet trys
To seek the shining Fair :
Whether in hermit's cell she lies,
Or lives the rustic's care.

Whether

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

41

IV.

Whether, from courts or cities flown,
She seeks the sylvan plain :
Or is in camps or battles known,
Or sails upon the main ;

V.

Whether she haunts the Dryads groves,
Or mounts the balmy gale
Of vernal fragrance :—FLORA loves
To paint the pleasant dale ;

VI.

Whether she decks the spangled dance,
Or plumes the wing of bliss
When jolly Bacchanals advance !
No ;—Virtue—is not this.

VII.

She smiles not in the drunkard's glass,
The vicious court she hates :
Decks not the meretricious lass,
Or joins the Law's debates.

Alone,

VIII.

Alike, she spurns the tinsel'd glare
Of Fortune's fading charms,
And soft-wing'd Pleasures fleeting air;
And unsubstantial arms:

IX.

Let Folly queen it is as she will ;
Let diamonds, ermine, lace,
Be hers : with pearl and tissue still ;
True Virtue flies her face,

X.

And deigns to crown the placid breast,
Where Heav'n-born Wisdom dwells,
And soft Affections mildly rest,
And PEACE Disturbance quells.

XI.

Divine Content (if aught below)
Can boast her lovely mien :
In bashful Beauty's modest glow,
Unfullied Virtue's seen.

I see

XII.

I see her too possess the heart
Enlarg'd for all mankind :
And all her decent charms impart
To the truth-vested mind.

XIII.

Tho' often, Virtue in disguise
Presumes to hold the soul :
And plain may seem, to mortal eyes,
The morals to controul ;

XIV.

Yet dwells she not, or here, or there,
Deception to the view :
But fled, from mortals ev'ry where,
Resides alone with you !



THE



THE FAIRY TALE.

I.

WHEN Fairy Queens and Elfin Kings,
In gambols gay, and wanton things,
Upon the youthful green
Renew'd their mirth, in nights of yore,
(For now they frolic it no more,
Or frolic it unseen) :

II.

A Fairy Swain, of princely race,
Adorn'd with all imperial grace,
PARVILLO was his name :
His height eight inches very near,
How graceful must the Youth appear !
Extensive was his fame :

III.

No Youth of all the Elfin host,
More dignity of birth could boast :
Or half such valour own ;
With ease he toss'd the reedy lance,
Or join'd the mazes of the dance :
In all superior shone.

S H T

With

IV.

With beauties flush'd, each Fairy Maid,
And little Dryad of the shade,
Contended for his love;
Contended, yet 'twas all in vain;
Alike to him was all the plain,
Alike was all the grove.

V.

This Nymph was fair, and that was gay;
And equal shone each youthful Fay,
In Prince PARVILLO's eye;
No more in her with dimpled face,
Than she who held some other grace,
The Manling could descry.

VI.

Not many Moons their courses ran,
Before the miniatur'd man,
Long time to CUPID blind,
For too much cold indiff'rence paid;
For Love o'ertakes the gayest blade,
And melts the marblest mind!

It

VII.

It happ'd, Queen MAB had form'd the round
O'er all the PHOEBE-fresh'ned ground,
When, oh! mischievous chance !

PEPINNA, sprung from PEPIN's blood,
(The wonder of the blady wood)
Struck in to join the dance !

VIII.

With what a grace she mov'd along,
Might well refine a better song :
Enough's for me to tell,
Such features ne'er before were seen,
To deck the Fay-frequented green :
E'en MAB she did excel.

IX.

He ey'd her o'er and o'er again,
And felt a pang thro' ev'ry vein,
As she a Goddess mov'd ;
Her lily hand he often press'd,
And, while new tumult rack'd his breast,
He burn'd—he long'd—he lov'd.

Whene'er

X.

Whene'er she turn'd, or smil'd, or slept,
His heart within his bosom leapt,
 His looks his flame confess'd :
Whene'er she stood in open view,
His eyes upon her beauties grew ;
 High-heav'd his pigmy breast,

XI.

When Morn began to chace away
The shades of Night, and open day
 On early scenes below :
And bade, to custom'd dells and dales
(If you can credit Fairy Tales)
 The Fairy people go ;

XII.

In courtly mood (as courtiers do)
The Prince began the Maid to woo,
 Beneath a Piony's shade :
(All but themselves to rest retir'd)
He prais'd her shape, her face admir'd,
 And melting speeches made.

What

XIII.

What swain so fond ? The oaths he swore,
 I cannot strive enum'rate o'er,
 —This hour and next would fail.—
 He made a multitude of vows :
 But—oh !—PEPINE was MINO's Spouse,
 How tragic is my tale !

XIV.

PEPINE, as other ladies are,
 Was pleas'd to hear a lover's care,
 And thought no danger near ;
 Then thus—“ Great Prince of Fairy line,
 “ Your needless, nice address decline,
 “ And cease to longer swear.

XV.

“ To MINO, Prince of many meads,
 “ Who num'rous hosts to battles leads,
 “ By HYMEN was I join'd !
 “ No Prince of all the Elfin line
 “ Has half th'accomplishments of mine :
 “ Is half so much refin'd.

xxiv

“ Desist

XVI.

Desist my Fair, PARVILLO cry'd,
Be MINO and his hosts defied!

Oh! Lift your lustrous eyes,
And with propitious looks appear!
'Tis morn, and MINO is not near;
Or, if he is, he dies.

XVII.

He added not: but snatch'd a kiss,
And might have ravish'd nameless bliss:

But MINO, in the shade
Of neighb'ring flow'rs, had lain conceal'd:
Had heard his am'rous suit reveal'd,
And passion's heat obey'd.

XVIII.

No rage like jealous rage, his dart
Transfixt th'enamour'd PARVILL'S heart,

Before he knew his foe:
As falls the bird, devoid of fear,
The subtle Fowler ambush'd near,
Nor sees from whence the blow.

XIX.

So fell PARVILLO, luckless swain,
The boast of all the Fairy plain;

E'en so PEPPINA fell;
A pin-like jav'lin sudden came,
And smote to death the fright'ned dame,
E're she could breathe Farewell.

XX.

Health's bloomy freshness flew her cheek:
She strove, but strove in vain to speak,
And sunk in silent moan,
She less and less appear'd on earth,
And near, in instantaneous birth,
A hollyhock was grown.

XXI.

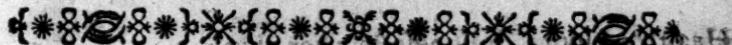
How wonderful it is to tell
What Prince PARVILLO's corpse befel!

Tho' strange it is, 'tis true;
His blood profusely streaming round,
Impregnating the yielding ground,
In scarlet poppies grew!

Abforb'd

XXII.

Absorb'd at once with pungent grief,
 My tale will scarcely bear relief;
 Rash MINO mourn'd the dead :
 But scarcely mourn'd, when by the pow'r
 Of Art *supernal*—chang'd a flow'r,
 Which for its scent is fled !



ODE TO LEARNING.

THY copious blessings, Learning, pour,
 And string my humble lyre,
 That strives to greet thy treasur'd lore,
 With Muse-enkindled fire !

Fair parent of internal joy,
 That Science leads along,
 With pleasures that can never cloy,
 Oh ! come, inspire my song !

Methinks, I feel thy sacred glow
 Within my tranquil breast :
 Thy inspiration pure to know,
 How is the Poet blest !

Thy ample blessings to explore,
With wreaths thy temples bound :
With bays and myrtles, (envied store)
By honours circled round !

Oh ! bless, for ever bless the mind,
That strives thy charms to meet :
And let it all thy treasures find,
The senses to complete !

What time AURORA opes the morn,
In purple glory clad :
And huntsmen wind the chearful horn,
And make the vallies glad.

Or, when the vesper gilds the skies,
And fleeces o'er the West :
To seek thy aid, will I arise,
And all thy force attest ;

Seek ancient tomes' historic page,
By thee, blest Goddess, led :
And hail the truth-applauding sage,
Who lives, tho' long since dead !

To sing of war's precarious fate ;
Of fallen empires tell ;
And how their kings, tho' sti'l'd the great,
To passion, captives fell !

What

When truths mysterious I explore,
Then Learning's aid I find :
Then feel the richness of her lore
With grace exalt my mind.

Quick let me fly the giddy rout,
The Bacchanalian crew :
And twine her head with flow'rs about,
And all her beauties view !

Which, sparkling high, celestial shine,
Disdaining menial care ;
And, beaming, speak her most divine
Amid the rural air :

Where Dryads beckon to the grove,
Excluding pow'rful day ;
And scientific bards, *the Love*
Of Learning, make their lay.

There let me raise my votive strain,
My time to Learning lend :
For what is wealth but gilded pain,
When Learning don't attend ?



ODE TO VENUS.

THOU gentle Source of bliss and woe,
Fair VENUS, Queen of Love :
From whom both Pain and Pleasure flow,
Both Youth and Age to move !

I feel, I feel thy secret fire :
'Tis you possess my heart,
And kindle up unnam'd desire,
To aggrandize my smart.

Oh ! let thy wonted pow'rful charm,
The heart of LUCY move !
To wax with soft compassion warm,
And ease my painful love.





ODE TO BEAUTY,

Inscrib'd to ROSABELLA.

IF Beauty reigns, unsullied bright,
In Nymph of *British* race :
Permit me, Fair, to say, " in You
" That lustre we may trace !"

Like sweet AURORA, who the morn
Bedecks with splendour gay :
So beam your eyes, those orient gems
Of Beauty's brilliant day.

From noise and folly, flying life,
— How should I bless the plain,
Illumin'd with thy Graces all,
A seraph-seeming train !

Those graces, which, unsought by art,
Despise her borrow'd glow ;
And, fraught with ev'ry native charm,
The pow'r of Nature show.

Yon beauteous rosy-blossom'd grove,
Nor FLORA's richest die,
Not half such soft resplendence wear,
As ROSABELLA's eye.

When, in the lovely-blooming shade,
The tuneful birds rejoice :
How tuneless trill their sweetest notes,
Till heighten'd by her voice !

See CHLOE with her easy grace,
And DELIA's lovely mien :
Yet both inferior beauties boast,
Less bright, and less serene.

LAIS may boast the vermil cheek,
With VENUS' Air combin'd :
But where, ah where (search woman thro')
Is ROSABELLA's mind ?

RAPHAEL, KNELLER, Painting's sons,
That life on canvas drew :
With all their art could not the face
Of ROSABELLA shew !

So perfect and complete each grace,
So bright her beauties shine :
That what can equal ROSABEL,
Must Beauty be divine.

EXTEMPORE ON TEA:
At the Desire of a LADY.

BLEST leaf! like thee can Foliage raise
 Thy Poet's Muse, and gild his praise,
 When DAPHNE begs her darling Tea,
 In *numbers* most refin'd to see!
 Could I such numbers to thee bring,
 In fadeless lays, of thee I'd sing!
 —Each morning, when from downy bed,
 MYRTILLA rears her vapour'd head :
 The rising qualms she can expel,
 By Tea alone, and all is well!
 Her senses, rais'd to freeborn ease,
 Delight to smile, delight to please:
 Tho', just before, depriv'd of grace,
 To beautify her pretty face.
 —When PHOEBUS leaves the fainting day,
 And western clouds conceal his ray,
 Of darling Tea the Fair partakes ;
 For twice a day MYRTILLA wakes,
 To chear, and charm, excel, and shine,
 And sip Elixir most divine :
 Elixir, such as all must share,
 From villag'd up to palac'd Fair;
 For Female Nature's soon oppres'd,
 And, Tea denied, most sore distress'd,

How much the sex thy influence prize!
In thee, protest all comfort lies!
Sweet Nectar of the female heart,
Thy virtues never cease impart,
To give my DAPHNE ev'ry joy,
She boasts in thee, without alloy!
For ever chear her breast benign,
Where sparkling Graces ever shine,
With humour calm, and temper gay,
Unless when thou art, TEA! away.



The Effect of Conscious Pain.

ONE morn, the vernal sky was dress'd
In brightest azure fair;
No gust of envious-rustling wind
Disturb'd the quiet air:
When HAL, to conscious pangs a prey,
Tho' seemingly in health,
With fearful steps prolong'd his way,
And walk'd as if by stealth!

▲ TRUE

A TRUE TALE

— *Quid non mortalia pectora videntur atrae?
Cogis auri sacra famus!* VIRG.

POOOR COLIN CLOUT, a rustic call'd,
Liv'd in a little farm,
In summer pleasant, still, and cool,
In winter, snug and warm :

His father occupied the farm :
Full forty years and ten ;
And he twelve years and something more,
Both frugal honest men :

But Envy is a hellish fiend,
And Av'rice has no bounds.
AVARUS, who is proud and vain,
And greedy as his hounds,

Because the farm contiguous lay,
With envious eye survey'd
Poor COLIN's undisturb'd recess,
And thus imperious said :

“ Be mine his farm ; I’ll turn him out,

“ For no such ill-bred clown

“ Shall live contiguous to my Seat ;

“ His lands shall be my own.”

What will not potent money do ?

The farm Avarus bought,

And Clout expell’d—who trait’stis said

These plain instructions taught :

“ The honest Clown of merit, who

“ Dwells near an envious man

“ Of wealth and power, may till his farm,

“ But keep it if he can ! ”

HORACE, ODE XXVI. Book III. Translated.

I late was able arms to bear,

And fight the battles of the Fair,

With honour and success ;

But, now asleep, my am’rous lyre

No more imparts poetic fire ;

My arms I now suppress :

My whole insignia of wars,

Darts, torches, levers, bows, and bars,

(Love’s gay artillery)

Which wont of service great to prove,

In all the warm pursuits of Love,

Aside shall heedless lie !

Great

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

6

Great VENUS, Goddess fair, that reigns
O'er Cyprian and Memphian plains,
Let haughty CHLOE know
The force of CUPID's venom'd darts,
(That anguish and rejoice our hearts),
And fury of his bow!

The INVITATION ACCEPTED:

A PASTORAL.

D A M O N.

MY lovely Fair, look round and see,
Young Spring bedecks the ground:
What mildness, love, and melody,
O'er Nature's face abound!
Oh! fly from town, I've stores of wheat,
These fields my own I call:
Besides, yon farm and cottage neat,
My herd and flocks not small.

MINERVA

DAPHNE.

D A P H N E.

Content with little, I could stay
Wherever Damon's near :
With him in shades elude the ray,
That burns the summer'd year.
Content with him, I'd gladly dwell
E'en on the flinty soil,
That does the ploughman's care repel,
And mock his honest toil.

D A M O N.

What joys are mine! these granted me,
Kind Heav'n, I ask no more :
Let others brave the briny sea,
While I am blest on shore.
I covet not the Tyrian bed,
Nor lass that's rich and gay :
While Nature has her carpet spread,
How pleasant is the May !
The lambkins sport, the warblers sing
The sonnets of the grove :
Together, let us taste the spring
Of purest mutual love !

D A P H N E.

DAPHNE.

From wealth and pomp with ease I fly,

Vain modes, no more to me :

I leave its joys without a sigh,

And gladly follow thee :

But let no folly, lovely youth,

Taint this our youthful flame :

In love, in kindness, and in truth,

For ever prove the same.

DAMON.

Celestial maid, by Heav'n I swear,

I'll ever just remain :

And never cause one gushing tear

Thy rosy cheeks to stain.

See yon, a pair of cooing doves

Love's dictates pure obey :

With them, come let us seek the groves,

And love as well as they !



ODE TO HARMONY.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, gentle Fair,
Oh! come, cherubic maid,
Adorn the poet's humble care,
In thy own vest array'd!

When first from Chaos Nature sprung,
And lovely order rose,
With Harmony all Nature rung,
Her blessings to disclose.

'Twas Harmony thro' land and sea,
That heighten'd every scene :
And spoke the pow'r of Deity,
With animating mien.

Before the birth of space or time,
Existed Harmony :
With lustre matchlessly sublime,
In peerless entity.

As PHOEBUS on the flow'rs and trees
Pours vivifying rays :
And as the vernal-balmy breeze
Rejoices vernal day :

So thy soft beamings glad the soul,
And shed without alloy
Those rays alone the mind controul,
To harmonize each joy.

Lo ! what corruption fills our land,
From court to hamlet cell ?
See Folly lift her Gorgon head,
And Virtue Vice repel !

But oh ! Let Virtue's cause be thine,
Support her, or she falls !
Protect her, guardian Nymph divine,
For on thy aid she calls.

Attend, fair maid, and hear thy praise
With lustre gild the song :
To thee an altar let me raise,
Amidst the rural throng

Of Fauns, and Satyrs, Sylphs, and Elves,
And woodland pow'rs elate
With festive mirth, who plume themselves
Thy praises to relate !

My DELIA shall her tribute bring,
The maid, sweet Harmony !
Who merits much the lyre to string,
And sister is to thee.

ELEGY.

YAM A

ELEGY, on the unfortunate Death of MIRA.

(Scene a Cypress Shade, Time 12 at Night.)

‘T IS midnight round, and brooding silence reigns;
E’en PHILOMEL forgets her wailing strains.
The flocks asleep lie stretch’d upon the waste,
By no kind sleep am wretched I solac’d !
Tho’ Nature sleep—yet I can find no rest,
At this lone hour by pungent grief oppres’d.
MIRA I call, dull tolls the mournful knell,
While Echo answers MIRA from her cell.
—Hail, awful Shade, and midnight horrors drear,
And ghastly spectres bred of pallid fear !
Enclos’d by thee, unhappy MIRA, I
Will weep thy fate with ever-gushing eye
To her, and Friendship, I this tribute pay :
Witness, ye hinds, that ever tread this way !
One humble verse inscribes her lowly urn,
And thus it speaks while I dejected mourn :
“ Ye passengers, who MIRA’s fate would know,
“ Here drop your cypress, here your flow’rets strow !
“ Peruse these lines engrav’d by sober truth :
“ Gay MIRA dy’d in beauteous bloom of youth ;
“ To love a victim, seek no more to know,
“ Lest you are struck with unexpected woe !”

A MAY

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

67



A MAY BALLIAD.

I.

TIS MAY invites, ye shepherd swains,
Look round, young Joy and Pleasure reigns!
The rural scenes with blis are crown'd,
And FLORA purples o'er the ground;
Then, lads and lasses, come away,
And let us taste the blooming May.

II.

From yonder woods the Fauns advance,
And joining form the artless dance;
Their time is spent in jollity;
Replete with harmless mirth and glee!
Then, lads and lasses, &c.

III.

The sportive lambkins, o'er the plain,
Renew their wanton play again;
With joyous bleats salute the Spring,
And Time forgets his leaden wing.
Then, lads and lasses, &c.

The

IV.

The plomy tenants of the grove
Promiscuously promote their love ;
Hark ! hark ! how grateful is the sound,
Reviving distant echoes round !
Then, lads and lasses, &c.

V.

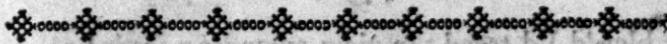
To pleasure's posts the Sylphs repair,
And soft ZEPHYRUS rules the air :
While Naiads leave the custom'd rill,
And landscapes round with music fill.
Then, lads and lasses, &c.

VI.

Come, come, ye swains, and with you bring
Your Nymphs, prime glory of the Spring ;
With mutual glee let's all appear,
In honour of the vernal year !
Then, lads and lasses, &c.



AN



AN EVENING RHAPSODY

I.

GRANT me, ye Pow'rs, some unfrequented seat,
Remote from jarring life's tumultuous rage:
Far from the habitations of the great,
A fit recess to study Nature's page!

II.

When, from the dappled east, the mountain's brow
Young PHOEBUS sprinkles with expanding gold:
To Heav'n's supreme in worship let me bow,
And next with custom'd care my flocks unfold!

III.

Then, while each copse resounds, with early strains,
The voice of Nature from the choirists round:
I'd gladly traverse o'er the dew-bright plains,
Where blithe some lambkins innocently bound.

IV.

What bliss 'twould be to hail the rural scene,
Embellish'd o'er with inoffensive love:
While shrill-voic'd larks ascend the sky serene,
And pour their matin lays to bounteous Jove?

How

V.

How bleſſ'd I'd tread the view-extending glade! not
What high-wrought pleasures morning prospects
bring!
At eve's appearance share ſome falling shade,
And ſing the beauty of the beaming Spring.

VI.

Oft, as the sun ſhould gild that peaceful ſeat
With softest gleamings of the ev'ning ray:
As oft, would I retire with foul ſedate,
And homage due to great JEHOVAH pay.

VII.

For him, attempt the high-exalted theme;
Of all his praife my gratitude ſhould ſing,
Warmly acknowledge him the Pow'r ſupreme,
And ſeek him on Ejaculation's wing!

VIII.

While ſacred rapture thus my bosom fills,
O'er the extended ſcene ſhould stray my eyes:
Survey the plains, the fields, the vales, and hills,
And all the glories of the ev'ning ſkies!

IX.

In long perspective o'er the op'ning dale,
Perceive the canvas on the distant main :
With varied prospects the fond sight regale,
Sweetly enraptur'd with the thick-flock'd plain !

X.

Alternate, see the curling riv'lets maze,
Meandering down, unruffled by a breeze :
While on its verge the lowing oxen graze,
And shepherds, milkmaids, with Love sonnets please.

XI.

See how the Western sun declines his pow'r,
And weakly glitters o'er the verge of day !
Taste odours common to the ev'ning hour,
And hear the musick of the hidden spray.

XII.

Oh ! there, to find the truly-happy space,
Review Creation's charms till I admire :
The farming power my curious search should trace,
My Muse should glow with unaccustom'd fire.

XIII.

So I, with daring wing, might upwards soar
Beyond the bright Satellitean fields :
Astonish'd bow, and God alone adore,
Who in perfection Nature's blessings yields. Who

XIV.

Who wakes the thunder, and the light'ning forms,
By rules mysterious and by heavenly laws :
Suppresses tempests, and upraises storms,
And speaks, thro' all, One great initial Cause.

XV.

Rules thro' the air, the ocean, and the earth,
Still show'ring blessings on ungrateful man :
And gave to Nature pow'r, and life, and birth,
When Chaos fled,—and Nature first began.

XVI.

He, Autumn, Summer, Winter, gives, and Spring ;
Suckles the plant, and nourishes each flow'r ;
To him my bounden tribute let me bring,
In song to praise him, and in pray'r adore,

XVII.

Who Providence to feeble mortals lends ;
To ev'ry beast has proper sense assign'd ;
From Pole to Pole thro' all the earth extends,
And blesses ev'ry race of ev'ry kind.

To

XVIII.

To him, great cause, sole universal Good,
My prayers should rise with every rising day;
To him, who gives me breath and life and food,
Each eve my Muse should soar with thankful lay.

XIX.

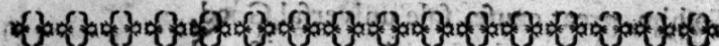
To him, ascribe all Good:—First Good, first Fair!
And, bless'd with little, never sigh for more:
On earth in silence sweet Contentment share,
Till Death should waft me to the *Elysian* shore.

E P I G R A M.

SOME, *This* I wrote, and Some say, *That*,
And all, and I must bear it:
Why then, my friends, I'll tell you what,
As the Cap fits you—wear it.

E P I G R A M.

SEE TEDDY my Godson, an officer bold,
Just turn'd of a dozen and one:
Who his breeches bewrays, when of danger he's told,
And faints at the noise of a gun!



EPIGRAM.

SAYS TOM to WILL the other day,

As saunt'ring on they went :

“ What babes in leading strings are now

“ To head our armies sent ! ”

Says WILL, “ Such brats should stay at home ;

“ ‘Tis cruel I protest,

“ To thus expose their infant lives,

“ And snatch them from the breast ! ”



A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Subject. PALÆMON, being return'd from a Voyage to Sea, meets his Brother LYSANDER, who congratulates him on his Return, and acquaints him with the Death of their Father ACASTO.

LYSANDER.

WELCOME, PALÆMON, to LYSANDER dear !
Thy safe return removes a brother's fear ;
Long have I wish'd thee back with fondest care,
And now, thank Heav'n, the Gods have crown'd my
prayer.

PALÆ-

PALÆMON.

Prais'd be the Powers, all hail, my dearest friend,
 From farthest Ind did I my wishes send,
 That Heav'n would Thee its choice protection
 lend !

And thank the Gods, I see thee well again.
 How does our father ? and how thrives the plain ?

LYSANDER.

Alas ! PALÆMON, oh ! the hand of Fate,
 Alike impartial to the small and great !
 To Heaven, it's home, our father's soul is fled :
 The good ACASCO's number'd with the dead !

PALÆMON.

You rend my heart with sharpest filial pain :
 Our father was the father of the plain !
 Let Grief arise, and spread her influence round :
 Be ev'ry hind with cypresis garlands crown'd.

LYSANDER.

'Tis now six moons, since dear ACASCO dy'd ;
 The shepherds wept—and all the village sigh'd :
 Then fun'ral honours due to him were paid,
 But still I owe much tribute to his shade.
 Let us together weep the good old man,
 With tears as fresh as when mine first began.

—But let not grief deprive us of our sense,
 The Wisdom, which his precepts did dispense,
 Was—“ All is right that flows from Providence.” }
 —The spring’s return’d, and see the waving trees,
 In verdure drest, diffuse the grateful breeze !
 Let us review the flocks, explore the plain,
 And mutually attend our herds again.

PALÆMON.

To your advice, LYSANDER, I agree :
 The vernal season with soft pleasure see.
 Resolv’d no more to tempt the faithless main,
 My whole ambition centers in the plain.
 Again in peace, I’ll tend my harmless flocks,
 Secure from shoals from tempests and from rocks :
 By land, in peace, old NEPTUNE’s rage defy ;
 Here live, and here, please Providence, I’ll die.
 At times, beneath the shade, will I relate
 The dangers which on mariners await.
 —How does your DAPHNE,—how does LUCY fair,
 And sweet AMANDA with her auburn hair ?

LYSANDER.

All well, and graceful ; as when cruel you
 (Induc’d by Glory) from our woodlands flew.
 They’ve wept your absence ; but a recent joy,
 At your return, their bosoms will employ.
 The dear AMANDA, empress of your breast,
 Will feel a bliss superior to the rest.

PALÆMON.

PALÆMON.

My heart rejoices at that long-lov'd name,
High in my favour, and as high in fame :
I'm much impatient, till my tongue declare,
How oft I've thought on my long-absent Fair !
Come then, let's hasten to the matchless maid.

LYSANDER.

That task, with pleasure, is by me obey'd.

ODE TO POVERTY.

YE Sages, say, is there an ill
Like Poverty we dread ?
Aught is there, we so greatly fear
Upon the stage we tread !

The covetous, in thread-bare vest,

With empty stomach go ;
And with distrustful look declare,

“ Pale Poverty’s the foe,

“ Makes them so dread a future day

“ Of pinching want and need !”

Thus, ‘midst their wealth, they poorer are,
Than those who herbage feed.

78 THE LAUREL-WREATH.

Strange Pow'r this ! that actuates man

To brave the briny deep :

To dare the latent rocks and shoals,

And climb the billows steep.

To fearless rush mid thickest foes,

More prodigal of breath

Than stores of wealth !—for Poverty

We dread, much more than Death.

Vain thought, that fways the vulgar breast

With sense too small to know

That Poverty's no frightful thing,

No formidable foe :

If rightly understood, a bliss

We shall this bugbear find ;

Nor better understand it, than

Consulting yonder hind ;

Contented Poverty's his lot ;

Security attends

The narrow limits of his power,

And Health his days befriends.

He fears no thieves—(the miser's dread) ;

His morsel can enjoy

With one true unmolested taste ;

His food will never cloy.

Not

Not so with those, whose tables spread
With meats luxuriously,
Prepar'd and dress'd with Gallic art,
Where thick diseases lie.

His fate, tho' poor, ne'er wounds his mind
Or moves to rage his breast :
Where wealth he hugs, beyond the stores
Of those in purple dress'd.

Tho' Poverty tremendous wand,
(The world's enormous fear)
He fees, extended o'er his head,
He thinks no dangers near.

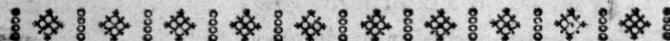
Content within, his bounteous God
Has gave sufficient store :
And if he please inflict with need,
He asks of him no more.

Then what avails how low our state !
Let Peace becalm the soul,
While sweet Content her pinions spread,
To reconcile the whole.

Let Poverty subdue the man
Of discontented breast :
It never shall the happy one,
Who in himself is blest !

Or Wealth, or Poverty, kind Heav'n,
 As thou ordainest, send ;
 If, of thy mercy, thou but grant,
 Contentment for my friend !

The Fordid worldlings I despise,
 Whom views of wealth controul :
 Alike contemn their mean pursuits
 And Poverty of soul !



HORACE, Book III. ODE XXVII. Translated.

O H ! let the teeming bitch or fox,
 Or the ill-boding jay :
 Or wolf from steep *Lanuvian* rocks,
 Infest the guilty's way !

Let snakes obliquely cross the road,
 Like swift-wing'd arrows dart :
 Their minds with fearful pangs corrode,
 And cause their horses start.

For you, my maid, I view the skies ;
 May you no dangers know ;
 May safety all around you rise,
 And guard where'er you go !

The

The sable raven I'll invoke,
 To change his joyless strain:
 No more with noisy throat to croak
 Against or wind or rain.

May GALATEA happy prove ;
 Still kindly think on me ;
 Far from her let the magpye rove,
 And crow at distance flee.

But lo ! what tempests now arise ?
 The skies ORION sweeps,
 While Western wind perfidious flies,
 And ruffles all the deep.

Let surges lash the trembling shore,
 And storms, full-wing'd with Fate,
 O'er all the black'ning ocean pour,
 To fright the man I hate.

When on the bull, the valiant maid
 (Deceiv'd) EUROPA rode :
 With horror she the deep survey'd,
 Nor thought she press'd a God.

Tho' lately, on her lovely head,
 She wreaths of flow'rets wore :
 Soon from her sight the landscapes fled ;
 She saw the meads no more.

When landed on the *Cretan* coast,
My fire! my fire! she cries :
Ah me ! that tender name is lost,
Distracted she replies.

Where am I, wretch, wretch that I am :
Can single death atone ?
For this my sinful flagrant shame,
How am I thus undone ?

It is some dream, I must believe !
Sure I still guiltless be :
Could I the meads and flowers leave,
To tempt th'inconstant sea ?

Had I that beast of mischief here,
That monstrous treach'rous bull :
His flesh with madden'd rage I'd tear,
And horns from off his scull.

I from my father's *Lares* fly :
Oh ! hear me, some kind Power,
That sees me live, afraid to die,
Let beasts my flesh devour !

To tygers give my corse a prey ;
Let tygers drink my blood ;
Before my youthful bloom decay,
Let me be tygers food.

Methinks,

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

83

Methinks, I hear my father cry,

“ Your girdle make a noose,

“ Haste, haste, unhappy maid, to die ;

“ A pendent death strait chuse.

“ Or headlong rush from yonder rock,

“ And find a watry grave :

“ Descended thus from royal stock,

“ How can you live a slave ?”

As thus she mourn'd, bright Beauty's Queen

To her assistance came :

And CUPID with his mam was seen,

To foot and chide the dame.

A while she rallied with the maid,

Then bid her rage subside :

“ This bull is in thy power,” she said,

“ Him, cruel, please or chide.

“ Oh ! spare thy sighs, give into love ;

“ The world shall speak thy fame ;

“ Thou art his wife, the wife of Jove,

“ Earth shall resound thy name !”



HORACE, Book II. ODE XV. Translated.

IN pompous pride, our buildings rear
Their costly-tow'ring heads :
The plough's no longer made our care,
The pond the fields o'erspreads.

The ivy-circling fir, or plane,
Exclude the Olive shade :
And all the wholesome fruit-tree train,
That husbandry repaid.

The fairest flowers and myrtles green,
Luxuriantly gay,
Are with the verdant laurels seen,
Excluding PHOEBUS' ray.

Not such of old our seers allow'd,
Not ROMULUS by these :
The way to power and empire shew'd,
Him Nature's charms could please.

Small was each personal estate,
Man then did humbly build :
The public stock was vastly great,
Man not in building skill'd.

The private cot sincerely pleas'd,
Devoid of sculptur'd stone :
And shrines alone they grateful rais'd,
With architecture shone.



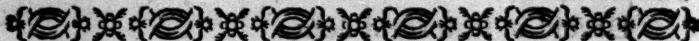
A SOLILOQUY on a Spring Morning.

HOW sweet's the air! how fair each scene !
How full of joy each field :
What balmy odours breathe around,
What lays the warblers yield !

With what enchantment I review
AURORA's early ray :
That calls up Nature's offspring all,
To hail the fragrant MAY.

Transported, o'er the mead I walk,
Or crois the rorid lawn :
Pursue the winding streamlet's course,
And mark the vernal dawn.

Devote my song to Him on high,
From whom these beauties spring :
And with extatic pleasures cry,
My God is Nature's King !



A SYLVA, written in the Year 1759.

HOW cruel is *Austria*! and *Russia* how vain!
How brave is great *FRED'RIC*! how noble his
reign!

How poor is proud *France*! how embarrass'd is *Spain*!
How distress'd is *Germania*! how harraff'd her plain!
How valiant are *Britons*! In short there's none such.
How perfidious! how boorish! how false are the *Dutch*!
How much they deserve, may be easily said,
Destroy all their ships, and knock them all at head.



E P I G R A M.

*Licet supuerus ambules pecunia
Fortuna non mutat genus.—*

Hor.

IN dirty acts, th'ungen'rous clown
May place supreme delight:
And who, of little ones durst frown,
Since wealth deposes right?

Yet

Yet I, tho' not with Fortune bless'd,
 Will ever dare expose
 The tyrant fool of gold posses'd,
 Who insolency shows.

That scorns the poor, tho' poorer he
 By far in some respects :
 For poorer faith can never be,
 In mind and intellects.



The Force of JEALOUSY, paraphras'd from
 THE GUARDIAN, NUMB. XXXVII.

*Felices ter & amplius
 Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis,
 Divulsi Quærmoniis
 Suprema citius solvet amor die.* Hor.

O F all the passions, which arise to blind
 Man's feeble reason and erroneous mind :
 Sure, Jealousy's the cause of greatest woe !
 Man's earthly hell, Contentment's greatest foe :
 A fatal proof the shudd'ring Muse relates,
 And sings ALONZO and ALONZA's Fates.
 She, who could boast the ev'ry art to charm,
 And keep ALONZO's soft affections warm ;

Secure

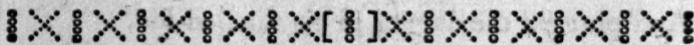
Secure he shar'd connubial happiness ;
His gentle manners did this truth confess,
He thought him bless'd with all that store of charms,
Which gave a VENUS to a husband's arms !
Yet, tho' so singly happy in a bride,
His nation's faults were his—unbounded pride,
A restless temper, an impetuous mind,
In passion hasty, and in judging blind ;
Amongt his slaves, MORISCUS held a name,
A wretch of extract mean and meaner fame,
Unvers'd in art that might have faults disguis'd,
They made him more conspicuously despis'd.
Hence oft, ALONZA to his lord complain'd.
Who with chastisement insolence restrain'd.
The slave's revenge with latent fury glow'd,
And PERFIDILIA his resentment show'd :
To PERFIDILIA, who himself had made
A very wretch in meretricious trade :
Her part it was ALONZA to attend,
To come when called, and when bid to *wend* ;
Soon she was fir'd with what MORISCUS said,
And this resolve without reluctance made :
“ Now, proud ALONZA, thy remonstrance, I
“ Thy causeless chidings, and thy power defy !
“ MORISCUS' lashes you shall instant rue,
“ And find what woman when incens'd can do.
“ Strait will I to my lord ALONZO ge ;
“ He's soon alarm'd, soon jealous made, I know :
“ To him I'll bear a well-concerted lye,
“ Nay farther promise to convince his eye,

“ That

“ That curs’d HORTELLO (oh ! delightful thought)
“ (Who oft in secret hints the servants fault)
“ Tho’ Gard’ner, yet oft fills the husband’s place,
“ To rob ALONZO of his due embrace.”
She added not :—but, with despightful tale,
Address’d her lord, too certain to prevail ;
Her poison wrangled thro’ his inmost veins,
No cooler reason o’er his passion reigns ;
She fix’d the time now present, and the place,
Where ambush’d he might see his foul disgrace.
—Her lord conceal’d—she bade HORTELLO haste
Close to the snare, by her contrivance plac’d ;
Pretending she was by her lady sent :
He haulted not, but to her chamber bent ;
Pass’d by the place, where mad ALONZO lay
To reek fell vengeance on his guardless prey.
He scarcely saw him ere he struck the blow,
And plung’d the dagger in his fancied foe,
Who fell supine—but scarce with torture groan’d,
When fleeting life swift-issued from the wound ;
ALONZA, trembling, could not breathe a word,
Before her bosom met the reeking sword ;
A harmless victim funk, unknowing why
She thus was doom’d to suffer and to die.
Oft thus, the flower is seen upon the plain,
At once deprest’d by swift-descending rain !
Now paus’d the dæmon, and revolved o’er
The breathless bodies and the spreading gore ;
So pauses MARS, when, rav’nous thro’ the day,
He murders on till none remain to slay :

Or

Or stands a wolf, with either jaw imbrued,
 With recent strains of inoffensive blood :
 Satiate with gore, in Death no longer bold,
 Since gen'ral murder fills the purple fold.
 So stood ALONZO, when remorse its part
 Began to work in PERFIDILIA's heart !
 Upon his silent rage she madly preft,
 And at his feet her guilty soul confes'd ;
 Quick mad'ning passions all his fense bereave,
 A while he stood a monument of grief :
 At length releas'd—return'd sharp mental strife,
 And clos'd the conflict by attacking life :
 But first, MORISCUS, hell-born monster, slew,
 He PERFIDILIA gave her mortal due.
 By this black deed—let ev'ry future age
 Know, “ Jealous Fury is dæmoniac Rage.”



E P I G R A M.

WHEN I talk against GEORGE, and Friend
 STEPHEN is by,
 “ He's a rascally Dog,” with disdain he will cry ;
 When GEORGE rails against me, as full often he may,
 “ I'm a pitiful Clown,” my Friend STEPHEN will say ;
 Yet of GEORGE and of Me he oft favours requires,
 And as often we grant what the Rascal desires :
 Who is that sort of dog, I must freely declare,
 That will run with the hound, and yet hold with the
 hare.

RA-



RATIONALS inferior to IRRATIONALS:

An ODE.

I.

I Sing, how far the beasts excel
Their great inferiour man,
Tho' much superiour to them form'd,
When human life began.

II.

Proud mortal, vain of majesty,
Ah! what avails thy state,
Thy wealth, thy titles (bubbles all)
The fading gifts of Fate?

III.

When lo! the lab'lers of the stall
Are happier far than thee:
Are wiser much, without thy sense,
In every degree!

IV.

They range the waste, which (tho' untill'd)
Can them with food provide:
And (tho' unbrow'd and uncommix'd)
Contented, quaff the tide.

Thy

V.

Thy wine, O man, tho' sweet to taste,
And charmful to the eye,
The sober beasts with scorn reject,
And shun ebriety.

VI.

Hopes, fears, and doubts, destroy thy peace;
But them nor hopes or fears
Molest, nor doubts disturb their rest,
Exempt from human cares.

VII.

With *what this* flow'ry pasture yields,
To *that* they seldom stray:
Nor urge to join the distant war.
Tho' mortals urge the way.

VIII.

Reason, the boast of human kind,
They neither want or know:
Since those, who do its gifts possess,
Appear its greatest foe.

IX.

Tho' tyrant Man inflicts the stripe
Of savage cruelty:
No murmur rises o'er their wrongs,
Supported patiently.

As

X.

As if kind Heav'n had giv'n them sense,
 This knowledge to descry :
 The ills that bring, may end their woes,
 And brutes but once can die.

XI.

Ye letter'd sage ! what privilege
 Immensely great, is this !
 Say :—sigh ye not for brutal fate,
 When you survey their bliss ?

XII.

Or when, by daring passions led,
 Your reason sinks suppress'd :
 Say, don't you think, with envious rage,
 How much the brutes are blefs'd !

E P I G R A M.

AS GEORGE was walking o'er the lee,
 Contemplatively grave :
 "What forms irregular," says he,
 "In yonder clouds we have !"
 "Oh !

“ Oh! how romantic now they seem,
 “ How real-like appear!
 “ *There* stately buildings look to gleam,
 “ And lofty towers here!”

“ It is no wonder, **GEORGE**,” I cry’d:
 “ I deem it nothing rare
 “ Such things you see—since you delight
 “ In buildings on the air.”



PRUDENT KITTY,
 A SONG.

OH! tell me, ye shepherds, that live on the lee,
 Was e’er a young virgin so virtuous as me ?
 Since Nineteen long winters I’ve fairly seen o’er,
 And still am a maid ; can a maiden say more ?
 Still virtuous remain, yet am no prudish Miss,
 For I could, if I would, before now’ve done amiss.

My mother oft tells me, “ My **KITTY**, take care ;
 “ Of **THYRSIS**, and **DAMON**, and **COLIN** beware : ”
 I thank her, and tell her her words I’ll fulfill,
 That Prudence shall guide, let me go where I will.
 But if she restrain’d me, I promise her this,
 I would, if I could, aye I would do amiss.

One

One Midsummer eve, as I walk'd o'er the vale,
Young STREPHON o'ertook me and told a love-tale ;
He said that he lov'd me the most of the mead,
And that he would' ever—indeed and indeed.
I thank'd the kind shepherd ; he offer'd a kiss,
I kindly receiv'd it, nor thought it amiss.

He told me, I look'd like the Love-leading Queen,
But surely was sweeter in manner and mien ;
I curtsey'd, and thank'd him ; he cry'd “ to the grove
“ I'll lead my dear KITTY to settle our Love : ”
But, as I suspected some mischief in this,
Avoiding to go, I did nothing amiss.

The ev'ning was fair and the weather was mild,
And as I had heard much of maidens beguil'd,
By being misled by a coaxing young swain,
I left the fond shepherd alone on the plain :
Then ran home to milking ; (no harm was in this)
Since caution prevented my doing amiss.

The ladies of pleasure may laugh at my rule,
And cry, “ the young wench is an innocent fool.”
But let me just tell them, by way of a pun,
The men I admire, but their artifice shun ;
I'm satisfied now in pure innocent bliss,
Till HYMEN approve, I will not do amiss.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX
A N O D E.

WHILE some to mirth devote their days,
 Regardless of the ethic lays,
 By moral poets sung :
And some at ease consult their mind,
 And act and speak as most inclin'd,
 With unrestrained tongue :

While some explore the gaudy seat,
 And are most wickedly complete

 In all the scenes of Vice :
Others, that square by *Gallic* fools
 Their dres, their manners, and their rules,
 Effeminate nice :

And some, that seek, tho' never find,
 The genuine happiness of mind :

 Let me, ye Powers, be free
From all their vain pursuit and cares !
 Let me not haye (oh ! hear my prayers)
 Peace in epitome !

Oh !

Oh! be my fair allotment made,
To live with Temp'rance in the shade!

A country life I love;
Let Fate or Fortune smile or frown,
One peace of mind shall be my own,
If Providence approve.

And that it may, I'll flee from Sin,
And leave off Vice, where some begin,
To moralize my youth
By Ethic POPE's instructive page:
Nor fear old Time's voracious rage,
While in the tracks of Truth!

On the Death of CURTIO.

*Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uva,
Ut gregibus tauri segetes, ut pinguibus arvis,
In decus omne tuis.*

VIRG.

I.

WITH streaming eyes and wringing hands,
BRITANNIA's genius pensive stands,
And CURTIO's fate deplores:
And weeps the hour, bemoans the day,
That Fame excited him away,
To sad Germania's shores.

VOL. II.

F

The

II.

The youth he lov'd, to whom he gave
All that the hero chief should have,
A patriotic zeal,
A steady soul, a martial mind,
By ev'ry polish'd art refin'd,
And steel'd with Valour's steel.

III.

By rapid *Weser's* gory strand,
Where'er the youth, at Fate's command,
Beneath the sod is laid :
Some neighb'ring shepherd, or some hind,
To worthy *CURRIO's* mem'ry kind,
Shall guard his peaceful shade.

IV.

With eglantine besrew the ground,
And choicest flowers scatter round :
While o'er his lonely bed,
Each eve aerial forms shall weep,
And Wisdom's bird sad dirges keep,
And hang her pensive head.

V.

As ev'ry year returns the day,
A tribute let the Muses pay,
One friendly tribute give :
Such as to CURTIO should belong,
The true *Melpomenean* song,
Long as his fame to live.



Part of an Epistle to CLEORA.

YOUR pardon I would humbly crave,
For rude omission past :
But since, unask'd, you pardon gave,
This fault shall be my last.

I blush, abash'd, as often I,
As now to mend have thought :
And yet, ah me ! alas ! oh, fie !
Ere long have been in fault.

So fickle rakes at morn repent,
And better ways begin :
But, ere the ev'ning hour is spent,
Renew accustom'd sin.

Alarm me not with hints and quirks ;
Within this social breast,
No lasting indignation lurks,
And all would be at rest.

But lo, the flutt'ring flame of love,
Of kindred love, I mean !
Which trembles as my spirits rove,
And shift the varying scene :

To waft me where SORELLA lies,
Oppress'd with sickly woe,
Tho' not despondent, if she dies,
Since Heaven deals the blow.

But human 'tis to shed the tear ;
And if her course is run,
My God, be mine the part to bear,
Thy gracious will be done.

Methinks I now distracted view,
Cold tremors shake each limb :
Her features wear a pallid hue,
And Nature's lamp is dim.

Death with his iron rod appears,
In vain I suppliant call :
No mortal he relentless hears,
Must then SORELLA fall ?

Then

Then take her, Heav'n, from ills to come,
Support her in the grave:
And, when arriv'd at endless home,
Her trembling spirits save.

Excuse this melancholy lay,
These numbers wove with woe:
And pardon if I'm not so gay,
As when my sonnets flow.

Oh! would less company attend
Her levee and her tea:
Perhaps CLEORA, for her friend,
Might rhyming write to me.

By inclination led, to sing
The friendship-flowing lay:
And not her monthly tribute bring,
Because the fifteenth Day*.

AN EVENING PIECE.

*Aspice aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci,
Et Sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.* VIRG.

IF oaten lay or past'ral strain can raise
The chalte-ey'd eve, and sing her modest praise:

* Her usual day of writing to Me.

The Muse, transported with the dying day,
Shall with his breezes gently breathe her lay.
With purest blue the vaulted skies are flush'd,
And deep'ning Ev'ning's into silence hush'd ;
Declining SOL serenely sinks to rest,
And Western clouds in gorgeous robes are dress'd.
Shade shoots o'er shade the dewy plains along,
And short-liv'd Zephyrs die the trees among.
The honest hind his painful toil forsakes,
And paths inductive to his cottage takes ;
Not higher pleas'd to hail the ev'ning lay,
Than to awaken with the rising day !
While PHILOMELA warbles forth her woes,
The dairy PHYLLIS milks her patient cows.
The billing birds to secret sprays resort,
Forget their music, and soft numbers court.
Hush'd is the air, save where the beetle flies,
With humming wings ;—or where the bat, with eyes
Averse to light, flits wanton in the gale,
And shrilly shrieks along the shadowy vale,
Hail, Nymph opaque, Goddess of Evin *, lo
Thy hesper rises with instructive glow :
To warm, to bid each pensive joy prepare,
To meet its goddess in her auburn car,
With which still silence unmolested trips,
And peaceful Quiet with unmoving lips.
Eve's sober reign the grimmer gloom invades,
Led on by Night, the negro Queen of shades.

* From Chaucer.

A S O



A SOLILOQUY IN WINTER.

YE awful horrors, clouds, and storms,
That hyemate the year;
Collecting most terrific forms
From Heav'n's Eternal Seer!

With Contemplation fill my mind,
And teach me to explore,
Why, in inaction thus confin'd,
Sleeps Nature's ev'ry pow'r?

And, oh! thou endless Majesty,
That wheelst the seasons round:
And varies the diversity
In ev'ry season found!
Whether the tempests rage severe,
Or rains o'erdeluge all:
Or snows thick-whiten o'er the year
Profusely as they fall;
Direct me, while Thyself I see
In wintry horror dress'd;
To own thy powerful Entity
Triumphant in my breast!



An Epigrammatical Epitaph on JOHN JENNER.

HERE lies JOHN JENNER, honest, good, and wise;
And here the Muse on poor JOHN JENNER lies.



THE SUMMER MORNING.

IN that fair season, when the landskips wear
Perfection's aspect, in full joy appear:
And redd'ning CANCER animates the year:
The Morning's charms in highest splendour beam,
The Muse invoking to begin her theme,
Scarce gleams the twilight, when th'effulgent sun
His course diurnal re-prepares to run;
The short-liv'd Night by hasty strides withdrawn,
The lucid East displays the infant dawn;
Extends her lids her lustre-darting eye,
And widens splendour thro' the air and sky;
The new-wak'd scenes fast gather into light,
And swell magnific on the ravish'd sight:
While bright'ning dew impearls the bladed field,
And early breezes grateful coolness yield,

One gen'ral hymn, in sweet-commingled notes,
Salutes the morning from the liquid throats
Of early songsters, tenants of the grove,
Whose souls are music and whose hearts are love.

From sleep releas'd, the shepherd, rural king,
Salutes the morning of departed Spring,
And tends the flock, his long-accustom'd care,
When Summer smooths or Winter points the air ;
What unbought food supports his rosy health !
What simple labour holds his guiltless wealth !

Hark, o'er the early dew-bestudded plain,
What past'ral sweetness wings the sylvan strain ?

'Tis COLIN's pipe that echoes from the hills !

The lively morn with softest music fills,
And in wild concert joins the warbler's trills.

See COLINETTA all the loves adorn,
Sweet as the balmy breathings of the morn,
Partakes a tree-tuft throne with COLIN gay,
And grasps a crook, the sceptre of her sway :
Around her, see the snowy bleaters feed,
And crop the verdure of the pastur'd mead :
On either side, her harmless lambkins play,
Herself as harmless innocent as they !

Thy haunts, O Meditation, when the eye
Of early Hesper opens thro' the sky,
I visit mid the softly-circling shade,
By Summer's foliage an asylum made :
And give to thought all that in thought can tend,
To prompt the poet and the man to mend :
Declare the hand, that cloath'd the smiling trees,
And hear my God confess'd in ev'ry breeze !

Delightful Morning, thy fair hours I greet,
And visit pleas'd each bliss-conveying seat,
Where the calm moments no rude clamours break,
And woodland loves in softest language speak !
Be this my joy, when PHOEBUS sheds the ray,
Rekindling Nature into infant day !
While you, ye lost to Virtue, Fashion's fools,
Whom Taste degen'rates, and whom Folly rules :
HYGEIA's bloom by midnight cares destroy,
And hold false pleasure for substantial joy :
By sleep infetter'd, lose the blissful hours
Consign'd to Summer and the rural pow'rs,
Who, not for you, the landscapes fair adorn,
Nor beam transported o'er the Summer morn.



THE AUTUMNAL MORNING.

IN equal poise when LIBRA holds the day,
And plenteous harvests rural toil repay,
I sing the morning : see the glooms withdrawn,
Sweet beams the mild ey'd daughter of the dawn :
Serenely soft, her modest mien displays,
And sheds thro' æther dew-dispersing rays :
Illumines widely Plenty's plains around,
And brightens o'er the corn-invested ground :
Unfolds the gold-clad heart-rejoicing lands,
On whose rich surface CERES' treasure stands :

And,

And, full-matur'd, immeasurably pours thy gifts, O Heav'n, in Autumn's bounteous stores: And, thro' Perspective, Industry reveals With busy labour scatter'd o'er the fields: While early sportsmen beat the vallies o'er, And rob the stubble of its plumpy store: Or press the hare pursued with panting breath, Till speed misgives her, and she sinks in death. Such are the sports of man; but, oh! ye Fair, The harmless creatures from destruction spare: Avoid the chace, nor let your bosoms glow With man-like ardour at unsocial woe: Decline the clam'rous sport pursu'd with toil! The steed to manage, and to spring the stile, Is man's.—To heighten each domestic art, And with each virtue ev'ry grace impart, Is yours;—and yours to dance, to love, to sing, And life's hard hours with female softness wing. What time soft SOL invigorates his ray, And smiles more pow'rful o'er th'autumnal day: AUTUMNUS' varied maze I wander thro', The corn-fields traverse, and the orchards view. Here Nature shews her yellow gifts profuse, By CERES ripen'd for HYGEIA's use: And there POMONA takes her fruitful stand, And beams profusion o'er the tree-ful land: With her own fragrance fills the languid gale, And blended beauty variegates the vale. How Autumn smiles and glows for you, ye swains, In ceaseless culture lab'ring o'er the plains!

The happiest ye, of all the happy few,
 Who follow Nature, Reason's laws pursue.
 'Tis not for those, who in the city thare
 The rankest vapours of putrescent air :
 And waste their moments in luxurious Ease,
 And bloated Sloth, the parent of Disease :
 For those 'tis not, who, lavish of expence,
 Wide open all the avenues of sense :
 Those joys to share which from HYGEIA flow,
 A body free of pain, a mind of woe.
 Her bliss is theirs, who bear the sylvan toils :
 Theirs her propitious, most indulgent smiles :
 For them revolves the life-renewing Spring,
 And Summer suns the wealthy Autumn bring.
 Let warmest zeal their honest voices raise,
 In all the gratitude of thankful praise,
 To Heav'n's high King, who form'd earth's penile
 ball :
 The God of Harvest—and the Lord of All !

EPITAPH on: GENERAL WOLFE.

R EADER (if British), here your tribute pour,
 And weep the conq'ror of Canada's shore :
 Who liv'd the dread of war's ensanguin'd field,
 Unus'd to tremble and untaught to yield ;
 Who dy'd distinguish'd, not by sculptur'd bust,
 But by that Fame which Time can never rust ;

E'er

E'er-glorious deed!—He conquer'd *Albion's* foe,
And, conqu'ring, welcom'd Death's untimely blow.
Oh! say, ye patriots, when ye drop the tear,
The youth was glorious, valiant, and sincere:
Brave in the field, and in the senate wise:
Here *Albion's* glory, *Gallia's* terror, lies!



Ode, for SORELLA's RECOVERY from a
dangerous ILLNESS.

CAUSE of Existence, Source of all,
Oh! hear my earnest prayer!
Before thy throne, I prostrate fall
With reverential care!

Thou know'st my suit before I sue,
For Thou thyself ordain'd
Disease her venom'd seeds to strew,
As she the features stain'd

Of dear SORELLA: who, oppress'd
On Languor's pillow lies,
And scarcely heaves her sick'ned breast,
Or lifts her heavy eyes.

O'er

O'er all her tender frame is felt
Disorder's tyrant arm :
Where Grace and Beauty richly dwelt,
And dealt their mutual charm.

The rose and lily, o'er her face,
Uniting spread delight :
The rose and lily's blended grace
Is now conceal'd in night !

Beauty, proud triumph of an hour,
Weakly thy charms avail !
Of what effects thy transient power,
When illsnesses assail ?

Oh ! Virtue, darling, much-lov'd guest
Of dear SORELLA's mind :
Who teaches man to think the best,
And be the most resign'd !

Prefer my prayer, and with me join :
Life-giving parent ; God,
Of Heaven's mansion most divine,
Of Heaven's high abode !

Oh ! cast an eye of pity down,
Dispel Disease's gloom :
With Health again SORELLA crown,
Restore her pristine bloom.

Aloud

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

111

Aloud the harp of grateful praise
Thy mercies shall record :
And, high as earth-born sounds can raise,
Shall sing Redemption's Lord !



The LAWYER and the WASP: A FABLE.

A Man of compliment and lace,
With little sense and much less grace,
By chance (when Autumn gilt the day,
And shining grapes enrich'd his ray)
Walk'd out to view the yellow vales,
And breathe AUTUMNUS' od'rous gales :
Unto a Wasp, which on a grape
Was ready to commit a rape,
He cry'd " Be cautious what you do,
" I see you, Sir ; and I can sue :
" Arrest you, and annul all bail
" That might with-hold you from a jail ;
" How many ways I can torment ye !
" The dread of that will sure prevent ye.
" Should you once get within my claw,
" You'll soon be ruin'd by the Law.
" See yonder web-intangled Fly,
" A Spider's plunder, I descry ;

" The

“ The tyrant fastens on his prey,
“ And sacks his very soul away ;
“ So, in the Law, your *puffe* we drain :
“ *No Cash, no Cause* can long remain.
“ In mazes puzzled, you may try,
“ With the success of yonder Fly,
“ From Law yourself to extricate :
“ But sink undone—as sure as Fate.”

The Wasp proceeded, undismay'd,
With scorn the menacer survey'd ;
And full a dozen grapes devour'd,
At least a thousand curses show'r'd
Upon the man, who stood below
Astonish'd at his saucy foe ;
At last, the Wasp with anger flew,
And made assault upon his view ;
The Man of Law *arrests* his foe,
And lays the small bravado low :
Then would for e'er have stopt his breath,
And crush'd him with untimely death,
Had he not, at the instant, when
He saw uprais'd the fatal pen,
Recover'd, and with vigour flung
His sting into the Lawyer's tongue !
I can't forbear make this my creed,
“ It ne'er extracted was.”—Indeed
He Oil and Honey did apply,
Which form'd the smooth and honey'd lie,
Which ever since his speech contains,
Arising from internal pains.

“ Now,”

“ Now,” cry’d the Wasp, “ I have my end:
“ ’Tis hard a Lawyer’s heart to mend.
“ But, *Parchment*, think my sting no curse;
“ You know your tongue could not be worse.
“ It was no more than was your due:”
Then, laughing, added as he flew:
“ You sting your clients—I’ve stung you.” }

The Story of GONZALES DE CASTRO, from
THE WORLD, Numb. I.

A Spanish Author forms my lays,
Who wrote of old, and writing says:
“ In Aronche, there liv’d
“ A man for his affliction fam’d,
“ Deaf, dumb, and blind, GONZALES nam’d;
“ Of senses thus bereav’d,
“ From twelve years old, until he grew
“ To life’s meridian, fifty-two.
“ His resignation to each ill,
“ To Providence and Heaven’s will,
“ Join’d with misfortunes too,
“ To all about him so endear’d:
“ That, with the same respect, rever’d
“ Was He and Virtue true:
“ And what to one were duties paid,
“ To t’other equally were made.

“ It

“ It chanc’d one day, as at his door
“ He exercis’d his mental power,
“ And pray’rs most fervent pour’d
“ To Heav’n :—he instantaneous found
“ His pray’rs with such availance crown’d,
“ As each lost sense restor’d.
“ To give him joy, the old and young,
“ And rich and poor, around him throng.

“ This life’s enjoyments are but vain,
“ The greatest pleasure’s mix’d with pain ;
“ GONZALES soon repin’d,
“ And curs’d those senses which to have
“ Of Heav’n he did so often crave,
“ With prayers energetic join’d.
“ And now, oh ! strange, began deplore
“ He was not as he was before !
“ When all his neighbours faults, conceal’d
“ From his observance, ne’er reveal’d
“ A heart-corroding care ;
“ But now he saw their follies plain,
“ And soon experienc’d (to his pain)
“ Morality was rare ;
“ To speak, he found, was to be vile,
“ And us’d too often to beguile.

“ Tho’

“ Tho’ villag’d ARONCHE could boast
“ Of Honesty, as much as most
“ Adjacent hamlets round :
“ Yet he who form’d his thoughts of man
“ From Nature’s wise-concerted plan,
“ E’en here great errors found,
“ Displeasing him in manner such,
“ To cause his Criticism much.

“ In age, he saw the misers hold
“ With fears their bags of ill-got gold ;
“ In youth, a lavish thirst
“ Hereditary wealth to spend ;
“ Averse their intellects to mend,
“ And by corruption curs’d ;
“ While brothers against brothers rose,
“ And friends became the greatest foes.

“ The frauds of lovers he survey’d,
“ The Insolence by riches made,
“ No insolence more base !
“ The poor dishonest too he found ;
“ In short, whene’er he look’d around,
“ He look’d—and saw Disgrace ;
“ Reflected o’er all human kind,
“ Diseas’d in body and in mind.

“ He

" He saw it all with heart-felt pain,
 " And spoke with vehement disdain
 " Of such degen'rate ways :
 " By mildest precepts, often strove
 " To Virtue raise with friendly Love,
 " And moralize his days."
 Here drops the tale, until it shews
 The fate of him of sober views :

And adds, " he liv'd, bent down with cares,
 " And silver'd sad'ning into years,
 " Contemn'd by vicious Elves :
 " Who ever will the man despise,
 " That is in understanding wise,
 " More learned than themselves ;
 " This axiom did GONZALES know
 " That *Wisdom is allied to Woe.*"
or nothing will outlast against it.

The moral story farther faith,
 In manner thus, his latest breath

He with his soul resign'd :
 " He that would Happiness receive ;
 " In this weak world uncensur'd live ;
 " And worldly favour find ;
 " Must neither bear, nor speak, or see,
 " His neighbours imbecillity."

SONG.



SONG.

To the Tune of *From the Man that I Love, &c.*

FROM CHLOE this morning a card I receiv'd ;
 " And have you then, COLIN, your CHLOE
 " deceiv'd ?"

But, if she had sense, at my meaning to squint,
 From the picture I draw she would sure take a hint.

The girl of some wit, and a good-natur'd turn,
 Is the girl for whose love I ever must burn.
 Excuse me, ye Beauties, why, then let her squint,
 From the picture I draw, if she takes but the hint.

With Wisdom enough in my house for to rule ;
 Not loud as a shrew, nor as calm as a fool,
 Let her steer between both ; (I begin for to squint)
 For CHLOE's the girl that will sure take the hint !

If she does, I must say, " Ye gay Belles, pray retire ;
 " Your charms are no charms which my love can
 " admire ;
 " If she does, did I say ?—(Oh ! how cunning I squint)
 " She actually comes—and has taken the hint !

SOPH.



SOPHRON's SIMPLE JOY.

NO'T all that Art on form bestows
Can me so much delight,
As Nature, when herself she shows
Denuded to the sight.

The lays of love-sick **PHILOMEL**
Yield me more bliss by far :
Her artless sounds so much excel
The artful sounds of war :

Or fife, or trumpet's shrilly sound,
Loud-thrilling thro' the air :
Which kindle up th'embattled ground,
And animate Despair.

Oh ! ye, that poorly imitate
Edenian sports to plan !
See Nature where she's rudely great,
And match her, if you can.

There vivid Painting holds the eye,
With tints that life display :
Here, can we not more charms descry,
Where **FLORA** paints the **MAY** ?

On

On yon rough mountain, shagg'd with shade,
The shepherd feels more joy
Than him, who haunts the full cascade,
Whom fashion'd lawns employ.

Lull'd by the nightingale, the swain,
Within the straw-roof't cot,
Sleeps unmolested on the plain,
Which swells DIVITIO's lot.

Ah ! what avail the opiate sounds
Of *Lydian* airs to wealth :
Whose rusting Av'rice knows no bounds,
And even sleeps by stealth ?

Content, with humble Competence,
Is my supreme desire :
In heat, a shade to woo my sensè ;
In cold, a cheerful fire.



S O N G.

To the Tune of *From the Man that I Love, &c.*

FR OM the flame that my bosom has ever thou
best,
I will freely discover the girl I detest :
And if she has sense, but to play with her fan,
She'll know, by the picture, what's meant by the man,

In slander a serpent, a toad in her tongue,
A cockatrice crying, a syren in song :
Her head a mere teapot, a saucer her eye,
A monkey in grin, with her features awry.

Of envy, her picture ; in all, but her charms ;
A mole in her feet, and an ape in her arms :
A coquet without sense, without reason a prude,
In public as grave, and in private as lewd.

At length, to say all I can say with my pen,
The scorn of the women, and terror of men :
And if she has sense but to play with her fan,
[She'll know, by the picture, what's meant by the man.

ODE



ODE IN THE EVENING,

Inscrib'd to the Rev. Mr. THOMAS AUSTIN.

LED by the pleasures of the eve,
The village and the cot I leave :
To where yon crystal waters flow
In sheety currents, pleas'd I go,
To breathe soft eve's inviting shade,
Amidst the field or in the glade.

Sinking SOL, with latest gleam,
Glimmers o'er the tattling stream ;
Glimmers o'er the trees and woods,
Hills and valleys, plains and floods ;
Low and lower sinks to rest,
Less and lesser lights the West.
Now his glimm'ring disappear ;
Other worlds his favours share.

'Tis Autumn's eve succeeds the day ;
'Tis Autumn's eve inspires my lay ;
Tho' not so far, as when, the Spring,
Returning birds melodious sing ;

Or when, the Summer loves resort
 To breezy groves, and ev'ning court.
 But lo! the eve*, to chilly winds
 And cheerless rains, her reign reigns!

My hut I seek : come, Friendship, come ;
 Come, Health and Fancy, to my dome ;
 Let Science dreary night dispel,
 And Peace and Poesy crown my cell ;
 Or if my PORTIO, friend divine,
 His presence gives, I'll broach the wine
 Full five years old ; let PORTIO come,
 And Cheerfulness shall fill my dome !



A MONODICAL ODE to the pious Memory of
 the virtuous and accomplish'd SEPTIMIA.

*Mista senum ac juvenam densantur funera, nullum
 Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.* HOR.

FAR WELL, deluding Mirth and Joy,
 And every earth-diverting toy !
 Come, Melancholy ; mourner, come,
 And make my cot, thy constant home !

* As walking one evening, I had wrote thus far, with a pencil
 in my Pocket-book, intending an extemporal draught of the
 autumnal eve, I was prevented by the rain, and obliged to suspend
 my design.

Bring

THE LAUREL-WREATH. 12

Bring with you, bring the pensive train
Of Sorrows, heart-transfixing Pain :
We'll sigh together o'er her urn,
And jointly dear **SEPTIMIA** mourn.

To yonder solitary shrine,
Repair, ye ever-hallow'd Nine :
And o'er her grave that tribute pay,
Which flows from true elegiac lay,

And oh ! pathetic let it flow,
Expressive of the deepest woe !
The deepest woe to her is due,
Who liv'd in Friendship's bands with you.

Ye awful pow'rs of gloomy Night !
By you conceal'd from prying sight,
With folded arms my steps I'll bear,
And drop my tributary tear.

In sorrow there my time employ,
And call it my supremest joy :
To Grief my midnight minutes lend,
And weep my fair departed friend !

Beside the *Heliconian* stream,
Now pensive stalks, in grief supreme,
MELPOMENE, in fable clad :
MELPOMENE, the Sapient, sad.

With fearful eyes, dishevel'd hair,
 And looks revealing in-felt care,
 She, moaning, strikes her sighing breast :
 " Whatever is, is surely best!"

She cries, " yet, oh ! thou Terror's king !
 " Why did **SEPTIMIA** feel thy sting ?
 " So immature? thy anguish, why ?
 " In conqu'ring her, thy conquests die."



ODE ON MATHEMATIC SCIENCE.

*Partem fatentur esse utilem teneris aetatis; agitari namque
 animos, atque aui ingenia, & celeritatem percipiendi
 venire inde concedunt. QUINT. Lib. i. Cap. x.*

I.

OH ! come, **URANIA**, Beauty-beaming maid,
 Breathing the fragrance of *Aonian shade*,
 Exalt my vent'rous song !
 Thro' Fancy's rosy-bower'd way,
 Induc'd by thee, oh ! let me stray,
 And lead the Muse along !

II.

As she essays, in artless lays, to sing
The Mathematicks! from whose studies *Spring*
Improvements to the mind :
Improvement, such as *Albion's* state
Must ever hold immensely great :

Must deem the most refin'd.

III.

To these, *Britannia* (Queen of Islands) bends,
And grateful owns, what Navigation lends
To guard her fertile shore :
The navigating art that's taught
(With Traffick's bounties richly fraught)
By Mathematick lore.

IV.

Blest Science! see yon tow'ring navy ride,
Britannia's strength, and regal *NEPTUNE's* pride,
The boast of all the deep!
In vain the war-urg'd sails advance ;
We mock the fleets of hostile *France*,
And naval blessings reap.

V.

Thro' thee, our ships by Architecture's made
Fear to our foes, a safeguard to our trade,
And we superior reign
O'er Ocean's storm-commoted deep :
And distant shores in tribute keep,
Sole masters of the main.

VI.

Astronomy we owe unto thy power :
Astronomy, that loves the midnight hour,
Fair Heaven's face to view :
Amaz'd its *spangled worlds* to ken,
The joys of astronomic men,
Who varied wonders shew.

VII.

Astronomy *Newtonian* precepts takes,
And, soaring, wisest observation makes,
As all the planets roll,
In lucid order as they dance ;
(Led on by God, not mov'd by Chance,
For Godhead guides the whole.)

'Tis

VIII.

'Tis by thy aid, Geometry immense,
The distant climes recur to present sense:
And wondrous influence yield,
Extensive as the solar light:
Proofs vast importing to the sight,
Which its own truth reveal.

IX.

By Mathematicks, Music's melting Art
(With glowing rapture) warms th'impassion'd heart
With ardour near divine:
And bids the soul to pleasure rise,
To share those more than fancied joys,
O Music, which are thine!

X.

How much, the heavenly air of magic sounds
(With bliss enraptur'd) most extatic bounds,
To captivate the soul!
By Music sunk, exil'd Despair,
Removing, vanishes to air,
Nor longer dares controul.

XI.

Thro' thee, fair Science, mighty RAPHAEL drew,
To second life, each paint-created view:

And all his thoughts express'd,
While Nature watch'd his ready hand,
And struck, with joy at his command,
The image of his breast.

XII.

Mechanic Pow'rs, and Geography,
Light-aiding Optics, and Chronology,
Their diff'rent uses owe
To Mathematicks bounteous laws:
And all confess the lib'ral cause,
From whence such powers flow.

XIII.

Lov'd Science! much-Attention reaps from thee;
How great the profit and utility!
What gifts thy blessings pour!
From thee, Arithmetic arose,
And all its beaming lustre shows,
To gild fair Wisdom's lore.

By

XIV.

By Thee enlarg'd, our faculties awake :
 And of thy gifts unnumber'd treasures take
 Of evidence so clear ;
 That Reason joys to find thy sway,
 And sing the truth-inspir'd lay,
 Exempt from dubious care.

XV.

Oh ! mayst thou ev'ry *British* breast inflame !
 NEWTONIAN source of everlasting fame,
 Bright path to high renown,
 Honours and merit gild thy prize !
 Oh ! let the *British* youths arise,
 And make thee all their own !



E L E G Y,

On the Loss of Two FAVOURITE CATS*.

I.

INHUMAN Fate ! how cruel thy decree !
 (In mournful accent fair LUCINDA cries)
 Why am I doom'd the victim of Despair ?—
 Perhaps, e'en now my fav'rite BLACKY dies !

* SIMON and BLACKY were unhappily both lost in the small
 Compass of a Week.

II.

What fatal crime produc'd the horrid stroke ?
From what dire cause proceeds the fatal blow ?
No more, alas ! the Joys of Life I share,
Doom'd to a sad Eternity of Woe !

III.

Ah ! SIMON ! now thy loss I doubly feel !
The worthiest thou of all the Tabby race !
Close by my side thy beauteous Off'spring moan—
In them the Sire's distinguish'd worth I trace !

IV.

SIMON, for thee, these pitying drops are shed,
Drawn from the fountain of Distress alone !
For Fancy paints too plainly to my ear
Thine hunger, thirst, and lamentable moan !

V.

Relentless Fate !—when thus my soul is torn.—
To seize the OTHER Darling of my heart !—
BLACKY, the best and tend'rest of thy tribe,
Thou in my sorrows hast an equal part !

Ah !

VI.

Ah! hapless pair!—if Life should yet remain!—

 Say, in what dismal dungeon are ye pent?

Oh! tell me where in wretchedness ye pine?

 What mastiffs worry? or what fiends torment?

VII.

What friendly hand supplies your daily food?

 Who, when ye thirst, prepares the milky wave?

Or, if already sacrificed to Fate,

 Whose tender labour form'd the mossy grave?

VIII.

One only comfort gleams upon my breast

 Which TIM*, sweet mourner! offers to the view;

He yet remains, to mitigate my grief,

 And soothe my keen anxieties for you!

IX.

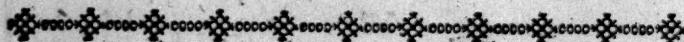
Be then, dear TIM! from hence, my chiefest pride!

 The only joy I e'er can hope to see!

And all that love—your honour'd parents shar'd—

Take—as a just inheritance—to thee!

* “*Spes altera — Roma!*”



☞ A SOLILOQUY,

Occasioned by a remarkable ECLIPSE of the
SUN, April 1, 1764.

YES, GREAT SUPREME! attentively we view
Thine efficacious Pow'r! enraptur'd see
The Planets roll obedient to the WORD,
Which spake them into being!—Happiest change!
Whence flow revolving Seasons!—Day and Night
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—each in turn
Advancing on the other!—Copious field
Of Meditation! whence the curious Few
Less frequent objects seek!—the paths explore.
Of devious Comets: or, with eager eye,
Survey th'ECLIPSING Planetary Orbs!—
But see!—already o'er the trembling Earth
The shades of darkness gleam! still more and more.
The Light decreases: whilst the visual nerves
Th'unusual sight oppresses!—Thou, my soul,
Lowly adore that ALL-SUFFICIENT POW'R,
Which fixes Nature's limits!—Still the same,
Tho' ever varying, the capacious scene!—
Nor deem it light or trivial that the course
So regularly changes:—still, throughout,
Stupendous shines th'OMNISCIENT's ceaseless care,
More visible from Regularity!
Nor join the weak, the superstitious train,

Whom

Whom these celestial movements terrify
With apprehensions dire ! whose boding mind
From thence foretell the worst calamities—
Wars, Earthquakes, Famine, Pestilential Death—
Sure sign of Guilt or Folly !—Shun the thought !—
No fearful cares torment the virtuous breast ;
There all is calm and happy ; there the hand,
Which hurls its light'ning thro' the vaulted skies,
Imprints tranquillity !—And see ! the MOON
Now seems to shift her station ; now the Light,
Slowly emerging, charms again the soul
Of ev'ry glad spectator !—Hence arise
More pleasing thoughts !—Hence copious themes of
praise !—

Oh ! rightly use them then, ye sons of men ;
Dispel the mists which clog the heav'n-born mind,
And re-illumine ev'ry spark of grace !—
And you, ye gayer race, ye infidels,
Who dare deny th'Existence of a GOD,
Behold his mighty wonders ; and confess
The LORD OMNIPOTENT, who thus controls
Each Constellation ! own the sov'reign rule
Of Heav'n's ETERNAL MONARCH, whose command
Bids Earth, Seas, Skies, to tremble ! nor refuse
To feel Conviction ! lest a little while
Re-kindle all his wrath !—Then, then, in vain
You vent your sorrows !—No impending mount
Can shield you from Destruction !—But the pangs
Of DEATH, unutterable, wait the hour,
And endless torments close the horrid scene !



RHAPSODY, written in MEREWORTH PARK.

RURAL Nymphs, and sylvan Swains,
Who frequent thy charmful plains,
Beauteous Meraud!—hear my song:
Let these strains to you belong,
Muse to Zylphids sweetly gay,
Dedicate thy *Doric Lay*.
FLORA paints the face of things;
Hark, the yellow Linnet sings;
And the Voice of **P**HILOMEL
Charms the landscapes with her tale:
Charms the landscapes lift'ning round,
All attention most profound;
Glory of the land and sky,
PHOEBUS beams his rays from high;
Groves and grots and woods delight,
And to song the Muse invite;
God of music, wake the shade,
(For inferior Muses made).
Give a bard your aid to sing,
Whate'er Fancy deigns to bring,
Wrapt in thought, in ev'ning calm;
Wrapt in thought, averse to harm,
Make the bubbling rill my theme:
Sing the smoothly-traying stream;

See the vale, it winds along,
In concerto with the song.
Warbled from the bloomy thorn
On its flow'ry margin borne.
Stray my eyes from yonder hill ;
Nature's beauties all things fill :
Chequer'd scenes of brooks and glades,
Hills and dales and cooling shades,
Vista's, villa's, fields and floods,
Towers, turrets, wilds and woods :
All that can delight the eye,
Underneath the vernal sky :
All that *Meraud's* charms display,
'Midst the arms of fluent *MAY*.
Let me traverse o'er the mead,
Where the sheep and lambkins feed,
And the honest oxen gay,
Imitate unwieldy play.
Let me tread th'embower'd glade,
Spreading round the mantling shade :
Now across the open plain,
Or upon the hillock gain,
Or the mountain's sunny brow,
See the landskips bloom below !
Deer with wanton play abound,
Revel o'er the verdant ground,
Kids and fauns the season greet,
Now reciprocally meet.
Quit the mountain and the wood,
View the serpentining flood ;

Silver volumes glide along ;
Banks re-echo Nature's song ;
Swans the water's surface crown,
Sailing supercilious down ;
High-arch'd necks in pride complete,
Bear them on with oary feet ;
On the banks the poplars grow ;
Spiring elms and hazels low ;
Sable pine and gloomy yew ;
Stately firs of greenish blue ;
Oaks expand their Dryad-shade,
Fit for Contemplation made.
Charmful Goddess, leave thy cell,
With thy votary to dwell !
Nature's volume I explore ;
Nature's King in praise adore,
Envying not the wicked Great,
Pomp and pow'r, or slaves of state.
If the dome insult the sky,
Conscious Peace is seldom nigh,
With her sister, bland Content,
On Happiness's errand sent :
With her ever flies the plain,
Where extends Pollution's stain.
Where, on earth, can mortal find
Genuine happiness of mind !
Plump-fac'd Plenty's treasures reign,
Here perhaps we seek in vain.
See where yonder waters flow,
In the pastur'd valley low :

Near

Near the side of yon small copse,
Silver'd round with blossom'd hops,
Happy CHIRON, tho' he's poor,
Finds her guard his cottage-door.
Her own peace fills all within,
And externals makes serene.
Downy guest, come to my soul,
No wild wishes shall controul.
Come to me, seraphic queen,
Blest with front of calmest mien !
Once possess'd by blissful thee,
Can I covet aught I see ?
No, not e'en the envied cot,
Peaceful CHIRON's heav'nly lot !
Misers, make the World your care :
CORYDON its wealth should share,
Free from all *your* base alloy,
Tasting pure unblemish'd joy !
Give me music from the wings,
Which ZEPHYRUS softly brings :
Bleat of lambs, or murmurs deep,
Ecchoing from the rilly sleep :
Notes that HANDELIZE each bush,
Blended voice of Finch and Thrush.
Only give Content, ye Powers,
(Happy guest) to smooth my hours :
Sober bliss, amidst some shade,
For sequester'd Nature made :
(Busy mortals, sordid toil,
Real satisfaction spoil.)

Near

Near sweet *Merrud's* sylvan bow'rs,
 Where the Graces wing the hours :
 Blest as much as man can be,
 On this side Futurity :
 Passions conquer'd, Conscience clear,
 Solitude no Death should fear ;
 Mine that Solitude should be ;
 Virtue, center'd firm in thee !



☞ An EPIGRAM, from MARTIAL, imitated.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SAY, would you pass your days in Bliss ?
 The surest way to gain it's this :
 " A patrimonial snug estate ;
 " Plac'd above want, but not too great ;
 " Land, which, fructif'rous, *meets* the toil ;
 " An hearth, where plenteous blessings smile ;
 " A law-suit never ; rarely chose
 " To feel the plague which office knows ;
 " A body healthful ; conscience clear ;
 " A prudent mind ; acquaintance dear,
 " Chearful and kind ; a mod'rate feast,
 " Which, without art, delights each guest ;
 " Nights spent in social mirth and glee,
 " Yet from nocturnal revels free ;

" Sleep,

“ Sleep, short, but most completely blest
“ With calm and strength-refective rest.”

This perfect life, my FLORIO, know,
Is bliss, if bliss can be below;
He, who thus nobly spends his breath,
Will neither fear nor *wish* for DEATH.



RANDOM THOUGHTS,
Inscrib'd to STREPHON, on his Marriage.

I.

THANKS to the Friend, whose gen'rous candour
deigns
To seek a youth by absence long estrang'd:
Believe me, Sir, tho' far from rustic plains,
For thee my Friendship never shall be chang'd.

II.

No, STREPHON, no, whilst mem'ry glads my soul,
Ne'er shall thy dear remembrance quit its frame;
Unrival'd, here, it shines, without controul,
Fixt in this breast, for ever fixt the same!

III.

Judge, then, how great, how exquisite my joy
When HYMEN's Bands united you for life,
With her whose charms your ev'ry thought employ,
Whose merit rank'd her as my STREPHON's Wife!

Respected

IV.

Respected pair! propitious hours attend
Your future steps! may calm domestic Peace
Each future moment of your lives befriend!
Thus shall your mutual Happiness increase!

V.

Long may ye live, to see a blooming race
Around your genial board enraptur'd smile;
The lisping prattlers sharing ev'ry grace—
Ample rewarding either parent's toil!

VI.

Excuse this rapture of a friend sincere,
Whose heartiest wishes, STREPHON, still are
thine;
Who yet esteems that correspondence dear,
In which our hearts by sympathy we join!

VII.

Yet wherefore thus for pardon should I sue?
Ere long, if Fortune but propitious prove,
Those scenes I'll tread, so often rang'd with you,
Sacred to Friendship, Harmony and Love.

THE



THE VISION,

Written in 1759.

I.

OLD Night in gloomy garb appear'd,
And all the plain with sleep was shear'd;
The weary hind in bed repos'd,
And slumber ev'ry eye-lid clos'd!
All Nature took its usual rest,
And Care was shut from ev'ry breast.
But Fancy will in sleep awake,
And thro' *Morphean* bondage break.

II.

Methought, a haughty *Gaul* I see,
In chains submis, with bended knee,
To *Albion's* best of monarchs bend:
And to his care his crown commend;
His sceptre broke he threw aside,
And own'd his arrogance and pride;
No longer boastèd marshals brave,
That slain had found an early grave.

III.

No longer he vain saints implor'd,
Nor continental legions pour'd:
But wept his bulwarks on the ground,
And chiefs in chains reluctant bound.

"Peace,

“ Peace, Peace,” he cries, “ my king ; to you
 “ Oh ! let me not unpitied sue :
 “ Who can with **GEORG** and **HEAV’N** contend ?
 “ Henceforth be my Ally and Friend.”

IV.

And now the plaintive Monarch stands,
 Imploring with uplifted hands :
 And *Britain’s* King, the good, the wise,
 In whom Compassion’s virtues lies,
 Bids Peace arise and rule the main,
 And heal the long-divided plain :
 While friendly shouts ascend from far,
 And meek-ey’d Peace suspends the War.

V.

With wonder *Louis* now admires ;
 Another flame his breast inspires :
 “ Is this,” says he, “ is this the Foe,
 “ My haughty spirit would o’erthrow ?
 “ Are these the foes, whom widows dread,
 “ Whose husbands in opposing bled ?
 “ From me alone all discord rose ;
 “ Henceforth we’ll not be *Britain’s* foes.

VI.

“ In lasting Friendship we’ll combine,
 “ If Friendship such can *Gallia* join.
 “ Oh ! furl your flags, your troops disband,
 “ Nor fear invasion of your land !

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! see, what numbers swell the tomb,
“ Enough have now receiv’d their doom ;
“ Release your captive, and believe
“ That Louis knows not to deceive.”

VII.

When thus the treach’rous King had said,
And Truth conceal’d with artful shade ;
Back to his native shore he’s sent,
Inform’d by pardon to repent.
No sooner landed, than he swore
By ev’ry host and worship’d pow’r,
He’d to the basis shake the state,
He ow’d a more than mortal hate.

VIII.

Now legions shine in panoply,
And ships refitted load the sea :
Revenge and slaughter ring around ;
Blood, Chains, and Death, are all the sound ;
Ideal conquests form his dreams,
And *Britain*, bleeding, dying seems ;
Ambition all his bosom fills,
Ambition, mighty Queen of Ills !

IX.

Confound the bloody-minded man,
Who first the battle, murd’rous plan,
Concerted—fond of boundless sway—
Ah ! curse the man—ah ! curse the day !—

That

144 THE LAUREL-WREATH.

That first, his neighbour to enslave,
His mind to bloody purpose gave:
And form'd his more than savage heart,
To murder and to kill by art!

X.

But trebly curs'd be he that swears,
To dissipate his present cares:
And thro' Falshood Freedom gains;
Forgets his Gratitude and Chains;
At once revives his former ire,
And sets the warring World on fire;
Bids black BELLONA dye the plain,
And MARS support his gory reign.

XI.

Now thought presented to my eyes,
Thy Genius, *Albion*, seem'd to rise;
Of hardy frame robust he seem'd;
Upon his arm an helmet gleam'd;
A coat of mail (such as of old
Britannia's warriors wore, we're told;) —
With steel enwall'd his body round,
With adamantine lustre bound.

XII.

His face a martial fury wore,
And marks of much-enduring bore.
A weighty spear one hand employ'd,
The hand that *Gallia's* holt defy'd;

The

The spear he brandish'd high around,
And seem'd to deal a fancied wound ;
Upon his breast, a label grew,
The words : " Be vigilant—Be true."

XIII.

" My sons, in rightful cause advance,
" And scourge the perfidy of *France*,
" *PITT* guides the helm, *GEORGE* gives you laws,
" And *PROVIDENCE* supports your cause ;
Th' inscription read, I joy'd to see
The Genius of our Liberty ;
And cry'd, " Blest Guardian of this shore,
" Ease and the olive-branch restore !

XIV.

" Me humbler scenes, than War, delight
" Scenes sylvan, tho' less nobly bright ;
" Oh ! let the horrors of the field
" By Agriculture be conceal'd !
" Hark, how the widows cries ascend,
" And orphans woes the æther rend.
" Great Guardian of *Britannia's* state,
" Urge not the war's precarious Fate !

XV.

" My Son ! my Son !" he then reply'd :
" Lo ! *Europe's* plains in crimson dy'd !
" *Britannia's* Name strikes monarchs pale ;
" *Britannia* holds *Europa's* Scale ;

“ On her decree whole nations wait ;
 “ To her whole nations owe their fate.
 “ The farthest Poles have heard her fame,
 “ And tremble at her sovereign name.

XVI.

“ And shall she be oppos'd by Gauls,
 “ Upon whose many-conquer'd walls
 “ Her banners oft have streaming flew,
 “ And terrified the distant view ?
 “ Shall they, ungrateful, urge the fight ?
 “ Then let them sink in endless night ;
 “ Perfidious slaves, mere apes of dress,
 “ Men-monkies, if not monkies less.

XVII.

“ Mercy, the minion of my Isle,
 “ That e'en on enemies can smile,
 “ Has often listen'd to their pray'rs,
 “ And eas'd their most corroding cares.
 “ But Turpitude and Gallia e'er
 “ Synonymous in meaning were ;
 “ When Pity meets Ingratitude,
 “ What Breast with Patience is endued ?

XVIII.

“ My sons with choicest gifts abound,
 “ Alike in Arts and Arms renown'd ;
 “ Amidst the waves, see, stands serene
 “ My darling Isle, the Ocean's Queen !

Where'er

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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“ Where'er her navies wing their sail, To per¹ wh² T³ “
“ Her Union Crosses shall prevail; T¹ T² “
“ No bold invaders shall she dread, A¹ A² A³ “
“ Tho' by CONTADES or BROGLIO led.

XIX.

“ Attend, 'tis Justice calls to arm Upon wh¹ w² w³ “
“ Let Justice all your bosoms warm Her purposes o¹ T² T³ “
“ Conquest attends; then strike the blow, A¹ A² A³ “
“ And crush your most perfidious foe. S¹ S² S³ “
“ But ah! what means these shouts, these sounds, T¹ T² T³ “
“ Re-echoed from the utmost bounds. P¹ P² P³ “
“ Of my lov'd Isle!—Fame's trump is plain, M¹ M² M³ “
“ Brave FERDINAND has thousands slain.

XX.

“ From town to town, from strand to strand, T¹ T² T³ “
“ Let Pa¹ns rise to FERDINAND! H¹ H² H³ “
“ The olive soon, my son,” he said, A¹ A² A³ “
“ Shall shed its glorious pacal shade.” B¹ B² B³ “
When thus the guardian Power had spoke, S¹ S² S³ “
Old SOMNUS fled, and I awoke. W¹ W² W³ “
The morn I found with blushes spread, M¹ M² M³ “
And rose, to greet her from my bed.

XXI.

W¹ W² W³

H 2

PSALM

With various forms supply the space of earth,
And divers shapes for every part of nature.

PSALM CIV. Imitated.

WITH energy, my vital powers, proclaim
And sing the Glories of ELOIM's name.

Hail thy omnipotent, all-gracious God,
Whose light is Virtue, Heaven whose abode.

Like a wide tent, he Heav'n's high Arch expands,

And shews the wonder of all-forming hands.
From whence the globe, and all that it compose,

In perfect frame of lovely order rose;

As forth it mov'd upon the wings of air,

And breath'd around a universal care:

In one, he bade the solid parts unite;

And one fair form rejoic'd the wond'ring sight.

Astound, the waters at his order fled,

And cleav'd a channel for their future bed.

The bulky mountains into twain divide,

And cut the valleys with their conscious tide;

And, as at first, their wonted courses keep;

For so he will'd, and so obeys the deep.

Fit bound'ries still the swelling seas constrain,

While vapours rise, and form the fruitful rain.

The springs arise from hills, around they flow,

And moisten all the herbag'd vale below;

From hence the oxen parching thirst allay;

And coolness mollifies the heat of day;

Their

Their rills fit food for grazing herds uprear,
And with new strength the grassy soil upbear.
With various store supply the face of earth,
And plenteous *Ceres* waken into birth.
Hence Industry and Art together rise,
And reap the harvests of the bounteous skies.
From tumid grapes the purple wine is press'd,
Diffusing comfort o'er the drooping breast.
And hence soft oil renews decaying grace,
And spreads new beauties o'er the human face.
The sacred trees, that once in *Eden* grew,
Receiv'd fresh vigour from prolific dew.
And cedars which *Lebanon* summits grace,
Fixt there by *God*, coeval with the place:
To whose high branches, see, the fowls of air
(To build on high their artful nests) repair,
'Mid lofty firs, the storks connect their nest,
And in their branches unmolested rest.
The wild-goats wander o'er the tow'ring hill,
And delving comes stony quarries fill;
At stated periods, see ! the Moon's fair light
Arises to illuminate the night !
The blessed Sun pursues his just career,
And gilds alternate ev'ry hemisphere.
His light withdrawn, succeeds the gloomy scene
Of solemn night with raven-vested mien.
Now when her curtain falls upon the day,
The wild-wood beasts explore their wonted prey.
Then hungry whelps of savage lions roar,
And of creation's Lord their food implore.

Soon as the light the rav'rous beasts descry,
 To shelt'ring dens 'mid thickest woods they fly ;
 And man renews his daily toil again,
 Till eve's approach commands him from the plain.
 Great Lord of all, how wondrous is thy name,
 Diffus'd so widely thro' creation's frame !

In thy own riches is the earth array'd ;
 Thy heav'nly wisdom's ev'ry where display'd.
 How wide, how wond'rous, is the ocean spread,
 Of varied fish the wide-extended bed !

O'er whose rough face, the sail-wing'd ships pursue
 Their devious course : to distant climates go ;
 And in whose womb the ocean-monsters live.
 From God's great bounty all their life receive.

On him they all in ev'ry shape attend ;
 Their due provision he alone can send.
 From his kind hand they take sufficient food,
 While Plenty speaks him bountifully good.

Rais'd by his smile, to life all Nature's brought ;
 Struck by his frown, at once she sinks to nought.
 But his vast pow'r shall evermore endure,
 In glory endless, from Time's rage secure,

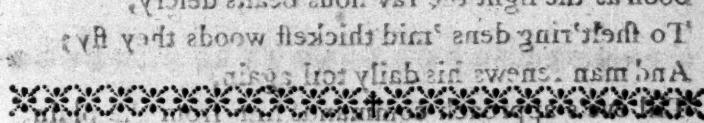
Whene'er thy works with goodness thou survey'st,
 Thro' Nature's scenes, thy mercy's plainly trac'd.
 But if thy frowns the impious world provoke,
 Earth's basis trembles, and her mountains smoke.

While vital strength supports my mortal frame,
 Oh ! let me praise my great Creator's name !

My ravish'd soul, in extacies, shall sing :
 My **Lord** ! my **God** ! my **SAVIOUR** ! and my **KING** !

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

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Different to midge, a new SONG.

In thy own tongue, if I may sinfully

Y E rose-colour'd damsels attend
A swain with an innocent heart!
Your mercy to COLIN extend;
To COLIN, devoid of all art.

He once had a pocket that shone
With guineas most heavenly bright:

“ Come, take them,” he cry'd, “ they're your own.”
The ladies he loves to delight!

You know with what fondness you run,
While his money so tempting remain'd;
And you know, how you made him your fun,
When from presents your shepherd refrain'd.

He went to the wake in the dale,
And bought you up ribbons a score;
He paid for the dance in the vale,
But now he is able no more.

Some pity bestow on the swain;
Compassion don't fail to advance;
Left, angry, this should be his strain,
“ He pipes not, so you will not dance.”

THE SIMILE,

EXTEMPORE Lines written on a CASCADE.

SEE, the ~~comby~~^{waters pour} With a foamy ceaseless roar ! First they glide with placid face, Bearing unmolested grace ; Now they stream with stunning noise, Enemy to thoughtful joys ! So the mind, in infant years, Placid and serene appears ; When to manhood once it grows, Then it teems with cares and woes, Gliding from the peaceful life, To the ceaseless falls of strife.

* Like a comb, in their streaming down the ragged stones and spikes.

To.



To a FRIEND, on the DEATH of a FRIEND.

*Ye joys of wedlock-bands, a while forbear.:
I must on my OCTAVIA drop a tear!
She was the best of women, gentlest wife;
In every part, how virtuous was her life!
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
Her clearer soul is gone to endless rest:
What Time, what Reason, can my loss digest?
Her Love was all the sweets that I could taste;
It was my chief delight, and is my last.*

SEDLEY'S CLEOPATRA.

THOU Virtue's blossom on fair Virtue's stem,
Whose eyes tear-glitter on my care-worn lay!
While to my plaintive song thou partial lists,
Sharing my sorrow, clad in varied vest,
Torn from my bleeding breast, this breast of woe:
Where midnight Melancholy fits supreme,
Beneath the cypress of my wakeful fate.
Oh! my OCTAVIA, blossom of my soul,
Blasted by Death, th'inclement hand of Death,
I weep!—rejoice—I know thy soul's in bliss,
Imparadis'd, immortaliz'd to joy.
Excuse one sigh, ye most severe, excuse
The speaking sorrow of a humid eye;
For she was all that centers in the names.

Of Mother, Wife, and Friend—I'm not ashame'd
To weep ;—'tis human—'tis divine ;—the few
Whose hearts are prone to feel, will pity me.
Nor Grief alone from dear OCTAVIA's tomb,
But o'er HONESTO's too my Nature melts.
Thou great good man, thou more than friend to me,
How sudden wast thou snatched ! thy hold on Heav'n,
For Virtue was thy guard.—Thy loss less great,
Reward immense !—The constant thought of Death
Was thine, and thine this precept fadeless, pure :
“ Who think on Death, a Life eternal gain.”
Thou dear HONESTO !—My indebted Muse
Might dwell, long dwell, upon thy praises great,
And with all filial respect declare
(With foul-fetch'd sighs)—how much HONESTO shone
The Husband, Parent, Friend ! fresh gush my tears,
Yet why ? for well, immortal YOUNG observes :
“ Each friend by Fate snatched from us is a plume,
“ Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights ;
“ And damp with omen of our own disease,
“ On drooping pinions of Ambition lower'd,
“ Just skim Earth's furface, ere we break it up ;
“ O'er putrid Pride to scratch a little dust,
“ And save the world a nuisance—smitten Friends
“ Are Angels sent on errands full of love.”

To

To the same FRIEND; on the same SUBJECT.

*Early bright, transient, chaste as Morning Dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven. YOUNG.*

ONCE more to her I give my moral lay,
By Pity form'd, whose redd'n'd eye now
streams :
And Sorrow's wailings joins, whenever Thought
(Remembrance-born) on dear OCTAVIA dwells !
Oh ! say, what tye more greatly tender is
Than that most sacred Hymenean tye ?
Affection blossoms in the nuptial band,
And ripens Friendship into golden Joy ;
While Love, in hallow'd Peace, at anchor rides.
This, once my Pleasure was ; Content, my Wealth ;
But now, how chang'd ? I'm Misery itself.
Tyrannic Care broods o'er my aching brow,
Her vipers shakes, and Sleep's refective dew
On lids less watchful gives to fall benign.
Complaint who can forbear at such-like Fate ?
Complaint is still a soother of our cares.
The wretch unfortunate, a slave to Fate,
Can call this privilege his own. Amid
The group of woes encompassing his heart,
Devoid of Rest, th'unhappy mortal roves :

And Consolation proves, if but to pour
 His laden breast upon th'attentive ear
 Of Night be his—'Tis mine: witness, ye stars,
 Ye glooms! say, chaste-ey'd DIAN, say: what time
 Your silver beams have not beheld my grief?
 (Those silver beams denied)—Thou blacker Night
 Canst testimony bear, how o'er thy hearse
 The countless tears I've dropt this plaint upon:
 "O Fortune, why so faithless to my cause?
 "Thou promis'd all that Fancy could suggest!
 "Death mark'd thy steps, and, envious of thy sway,
 "Reproach'd thy weakness by OCTAVIA's Fall,
 "Then clos'd thy op'ning prospects: Clos'd was all
 "The scene of joy I knew—In her I lost
 "My more than self;—and Virtue lost a friend."



ODE TO SPRING, inscrib'd to LAIS.

*Ver novum, ver jam canorem vere natus orbis est, vere
 concordant Armores—Vere nubent alitis—et nemus
 cornam resolvit de maritis imbris.* **PARNELL.**

SEE, lovely LAIS, see the Spring,
 The glory of the year:
 On Zephyrs gayest-painted wing,
 In Pleasure's vest appear!

The

The halcyon day begins to breathe,

In graces fresh and new :

The sprays, in many a living wreath,

Their verdant tresses shew.

Now thro' the lonely vale I stray,

In Meditation lost :

And now, with softest bliss, survey

The Spring with bloom emboss'd.

To Folly's votaries, farewell,

The midnight revel's o'er :

No longer at the Play I dwell,

Or Bacchalize it more.

Come, Virtue, hand in hand with Truth,

Let me your Pæans sing :

Oh ! come, and decorate my youth :

'Tis mine and Nature's spring.

But if, amid th' *Idalian* grove,

I court the voice of Fame :

Let it not be forbidden Love,

That propagates my name.

Ah ! Passion, impulse warm, forbear

To banish Reason's might :

Let *LAIS* be my only care,

My principal delight.

If Pleasure's am'rous joys adorn,
Possession's short-liv'd reign
First shews a rose, but straight a thorn
Is all that will remain.

But whither roves the Muse?—Below,
No wintry plains appear:
Above, no mountains white with snow,
To chill the vivid year.

With Freedom blest, laborious swains
The vernal toil pursue:
Beseech the soft-descending rains,
And seeds in showers strew.

What bliss abounding scenes invite,
And tempt to song the bard?
Thrice welcome each benign delight,
By gentle Spring prepar'd.

How gay the musky mornings rise,
To rouze the tuneful day:
And gild the unmolested skies,
With life-reviving ray?

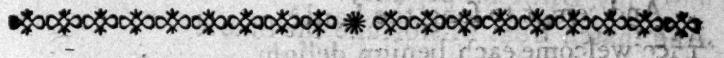
The spreading blossoms catch the eye;
The birds enchant the ear;
The herds and flocks their gambols try,
In honour of the year.

The

The whistling swains and singing maids
 Add tribute to the time :
 Why will you fly the vernal shades,
 'Tis yours and Nature's prime ?

The rural Pow'rs and Gods above,
 Will not contemn to see
 A pure and uncorrupted love
 For such is mine to thee !

She comes ! she comes ! my Lass comes !
 Be ever blest my lay !
 We'll taste of love in countless sums,
 And frolic while 'tis May.



☞ UNCERTAINTY: An ELEGIAC ODE.

Written in the Year 1765.

I.

THOU lenient Disperser of Care,
 Thy bountiful blessings impart ;
 Some glimm'nings of comfort prepare,
 To ease an oppression-struck heart.

Yet

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II.

Yet why should the mandates of Fate
Excite my resentment or blame?
Or how can I charge them with hate,
Since NANCY approves of my flame?

III.

Ah! there lies the source of my grief,
Whence flows ev'ry heart-rending sigh,
Which forbids ev'ry glimpse of relief
In woes which I wish not to fly!

IV.

When blest by her all-clearing smile,
In vain Sorrow sharpens his dart;
Her looks my Distresses beguile,
And snatch from Misfortune the smart!

V.

On her whilst enamour'd I gaze,
No raptures with mine can compare;
Each charm I survey with amaze,
Till plung'd in the depths of Despair.

VI.

Whilst thus you perplexingly please,
Oh! tear the fond thought from my breast!
Restore, lov'd Invader, that ease,
Which once I too proudly posses'd!
Forgive,

VII.

Forgive, dearest NANCY, the Youth,

Who strove your affections to gain,

If, guided by Honour and Truth,

He gives you a moment of pain!

VIII.

III

'Tis Prudence, whose rigid controll

Impels a detested delay,

And guides ev'ry wish of the soul,

Which Love would more pleasingly sway!

IX.

VI

Ah ! why did I wish to inspire

Sensations so tenderly dear ?

Or why did your blushes require

What your peace had such reason to fear ?

X.

V

Surcharg'd with unbounded distress,

I sink with its soul-crushing weight;

And, stifled by Love's soft excess,

Reluctantly yield to my Fate !

IV

XI

Distraction !—and shall I then yield

From Life's greatest Blis to be torn ?

Discretion's no longer a shield

—'Gainst griefs too severe to be borne !

No !

XII.

No !—I cannot—I will not—resign

The dear hope which shall teach me Content !

A Passion so pure, so divine,

For Happiness only was meant !

XIII.

No more shall the mandates of Fate

Excite my resentment or blame :

No longer I'll charge them with hate ;

For NANCY approves of my flame !



DAMON AND HIS FRIEND :

DIALOGUE I.

FRIEND. LAST night, I left you here at ten ;
 This morning, find you here again ;
 This itch for rhyming you'll have cause to rue :
 Then, if you can, forsake it, DAMON, do ;
 Reflect, my friend, how hard's the poet's fate !
 How many ills the moon-struck Muse await !
 How pale you're grown ! ah ! what a slave
 your made,

As if in garret vile you wrote for bread !

DAMON. Prithee compose yourself, unhappy man :
 And learn the Muses magic art to scan ;
 Hear what I've wrote on MIRA.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

By and by,

I'll come again ; now business makes me fly.

DAMON. Stop but one moment, do ; one stanza hear.

FRIEND. If I oblige you, one won't do, I fear.

DAMON. "The roseate dales now felt the Zephyrs
" bland,

" And all the flow'rs in fair succession rose.

" With MERCUS, MIRA saunter'd hand
" in hand :

" Young DAMON saw them from a neigh-
" b'ring close.

There's an invention in myself you know,
The Past'ral resteth—

FRIEND.

Yes, but I must go.

DAMON. Be not so hasty : here's some charming lines :
How my wit brightens ! how my sense refines !

FRIEND. He must be weak indeed, who can doubt
that.

Now I must go, do let me have my hat :
Excuse me, pray,—

DAMON.

It must not be, I can't.

Just for one moment your attention grant.

" Behind, a riv'let trickled down a rock :

" And indistinct fond MERCUS' accents
" made :

" As all around him, brouz'd a num'rous
" flock :

" Whose ceaseless bleatings mingled all he

" said."

FRIEND.

FRIEND. There, there, this beauteous stanza now is done.

"Tis vastly pretty, but I must be gone.

DAMON. The next is soft; it is upon my word.

Do stay a little; be not so absurd.

FRIEND. I'll stay no longer now.

DAMON. But tell me, when
You will return.

FRIEND. Perhaps I may at ten,
If I forget not; for this time, adieu!

DAMON. Farewell; thank Heav'n, I'm not so dull as
you.



DIALOGUE II.

FRIEND. **D**ELUDED DAMON, throw your pen
aside.

From whence arises your *Parnassian* pride?

Essay no more your unexperienc'd wing:

You ne'er can taste the *Heliconian* spring.

Th' *Aonian* virgins scorn your paltry lyre;

Besides, you have no *genius, plan, or fire*.

DAMON. You are no judge; therefore create no pain.

Some stupid critic's ev'ry poet's bane.

I've just now finish'd some elegiac lays;

Read them, and yield me all my share of
praise.

DAMON

FRIEND.

FRIEND. Nay, read yourself: It would be horrid sin
To take that pleasure from you, pray begin.

DAMON. "Ah! how unbless'd—" I'll read not,
if you grin.

FRIEND. I will not then.

DAMON. "is CHLOE, grief-gall'd maid !

" See how she haunts the melancholy
" shade!"—

FRIEND. There, that's enough: let's hear your
Pasquinade*.

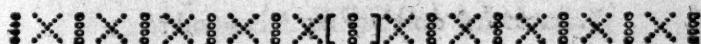
DAMON. You have no ear.

FRIEND. As much as you have wit.

DAMON. You ne'er again shall hear what I have writ.

I'm busy now, pray don't disturb me, Sir.

FRIEND. I'm gone, my friend; we will have no demur.



DIALOGUE III.

FRIEND. EXCUSE this visit.

DAMON. E Vile intruder, go.

'Tis very odd you still will plague me so.

No evil genius ever vex'd man more.

Such monstrous treatment is not to be bore.

FRIEND. Be cool, I'll tell you, friend—

* Any satirical writing, so called from one PASQUIN, a cobler among the *Romans*, who us'd to be famous for a sarcastical turn.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Well, what's the news?

Is WHITEHEAD dead? then how stand
WOTY's views?

Should I succeed!—Go on; I want to hear
What you've to tell.

FRIEND.

'Twill but increase your care.

DAMON. My care!—I've none, unless it is to write.

FRIEND. But you should think, young man, before
you bite.

They say—

DAMON. I care not what they say, 'tis spite.
Could I like MIL'TON write, I should have
foes.

For, without Envy, *Genius* never rose.

FRIEND. But hear me, friend, had you, or had you not,
One only share in writing—

DAMON.

Writing what?

What is it? do they say 'tis good?

FRIEND.

No, no.

Nor good, nor bad;—'tis well enough:—so so.

It was *that Satyre*, which you said had fire.

'Twas not your own:—nor levell'd at the
Squire.

DAMON. Oh! burn that poem! it was never good.

But might be better, better understood.

Suppose I take it and enrich the stile?

FRIEND. (You never wrote it! pardon, if I smile.)

DAMON. And then, e'en BAVIUS shall commend
my toil;

BAVIUS,

THE LAUREL-WREATH.

BAVIUS, that wretch who ever haunts
name.

FRIEND. He says, you meddle with the pulpit's fame.

DAMON. Much to be pitied ! can he say no more ?

All this I've heard a thousand times before.

Yet still write on ; and write, my boy, I will :
Till there remains no unstain'd leaf to fill.

To vex him only, is supreme delight.

My grateful meed is ev'ry blockhead's spite.



Inscrib'd to J. HAYDEN, on his republishing my
Poem on Summer in the Lady's Magazine,
and affixing his own Name thereto.

WHY, how now, HAYDEN ? why this stealth ?
I ne'er would steal your rhimes.
My friend, I'd sooner steal your wealth
In poor poetic times.

Since Poverty's the poet's fate,
And Death's the felon's dread :
Yet must we eat at any rate,
I hope you stole for bread.

Yet what occasion this to do,
Since in a Muse you shine :
Allow me, JAMES, what is my due,
And I'll allow thee thine.

For,

For, when in need, I tell thee, friend,
And hope thou needst not doubt it :
Your Muse my Muse shall never mend,
She'll sooner starve without it.

Forgive me, if advice I'd lend,
Upon me fix reliance :
To Fame like you I can't ascend,
Like you am hid from Science.

Yet have neglected the advice,
" To write by others rules,"
So never suffer'd Avarice,
That crime of thieving fools,

To crack the precept, covet not
Another's property :
The decalogue you have forgot,
O Te miserrime !

To write bad verses is a curse ;
But 'tis a greater still,
To have a friend who makes them worse,
With or without your will.

I beg you will not blot your Fame,
With what does not belong ;
To bear subscrib'd J. HAYDEN's name ;
Upon my word, it's wrong.

Why

Why should you smart for others faults ?

This maxim ever take,
If you can't mend another's thoughts,
Don't make them more opaque.



An Occasional PROLOGUE, in the Character of
BAYS turn'd Player.

Enter in a passion.

GARRICK's a fool, the town say what it will :
He play LEAR, RANGER, RICHARD, YOUNG
BEVIL !

I'll play him either—for whate'er he will.
You think I'm vain—perhaps I think you base—
Am I not Eloquence itself and Grace ?
Action I teach ; learn Attitude from me ;
And all that's comic, all that's tragic be.
Whene'er I mount the buskin'd boot, I steal
The conscious tear, and make th'unfeeling feel :
Bid soft-ey'd Sympathy unlock her springs,
To mourn slain heroes and the woe of kings ;
With such pathetic force let Nature go,
That fictitious Grief begets substantial Woe :
And pungent Sadness breaks thro' Folly's chain,
And wakes each feature to express her pain.
Give me the comic mask—from life I play,
And ridicule you while you think me gay ;

Humour and Laughter with Instruction join ;
 The Mirth is yours, I grant :—The Wit is mine.
 You know me, don't you then ?—My name is BAYS :
 The greatest scribbler of these scribbling days.
 I wrote, I'll tell you what—I will not neither ;
 The de'el take Taste and Bookseller together ;
 I have been robb'd, as I may tell to you !
 When will poor Merit meet its premium due ?
 Here's none but friends ; my pride, I own, is hurt ;
 I wear my ruffles—but have lost my shirt.
 Plague seize the woman ; tear her, ev'ry spright !
 Had she but stay'd until the Author's night,
 I would have paid her, if I had gone bare,
 If any thing had fall'n to BAYS's share ;
 But farewell, Muses ; for I'm now turn'd *play'r.* }
 Contribute something, do, ye hearts of stones,
 BAYS has but one coat left, to hide his bones.
 No no, sit still, my dears, do, keep your places :
 I did but joke, don't make such ugly faces.
 I live as well as you—on water-gruel !—
 What tho' two sticks across are all my fuel !
 What then ? I am content, and that's enough—
 Content's a glorious thing :—'tis charming Snuff*,
 For Nourishment, to this I'm us'd to trust :
 It is the Author's alimony dust !
 That's not the busines I came here upon.
 To-night, I play CHAMONT—and must be gone.

* Taking Snuff.

Your

Your prelection let poor BAYS engage :
Oh! call CHAMONT—the Roscius of the stage !
Good Christians, think how much your slave endures !
Your servant, Ladies ; Gentlemen, I'm yours.



ROGER's Lamentation for the Absence of his
beloved SUSAN.

’T WAS all beneath a willow’s doleful shade,
ROGER bemoan’d his best-beloved maid ;
And, full of sorrow, thus the ploughman said :

“ How my poor head with thinking on her akes !
“ How my poor heart with grief and trouble quakes !
“ While Lovè with thorns and darts my bosom rakes !

“ Why did you go, dear SUSAN ? SUSAN, why ?
“ Oh ! now, my tears gush out from either eye !
“ To live without her—I shall surely die.

“ This handkerchief she gave me ’tother day :
“ Ah ! this shall wipe my scalding tears away.
“ Oh ! she was sweeter than the bloom of MAY.

“ When first I met her, ’twas in *Iron-Street* ;
“ If ’twas to part, why did we ever meet ?
“ Oh ! thorny Lovè, my heart is now your seat !

“ Ah ! here it was, upon this very spot,
“ I gave her ballads, and a bran-new knot !
“ Like couch, I burn ; like dung, my heart will rot,

“ If I don’t see her soon ! oh ! cruel SUE,
“ If I should die—I’ll lay it all to you !
“ But I will live—for my belief’s she’s true.

“ Oh ! she was sweeter than the sugar’d cakes,
“ At damson-tide, old gammer KANKEY bakes,
“ And tires herself to bring to country wakes !

“ She was my sun, and summer, and my moon ;
“ Her skin was whiter than a silver spoon ;
“ Give me her love, I want no bigger boon.

“ Her eyes were brighter than a pewter plate ;
“ Her hair as black as any school-boy’s slate ;
“ As any ashen-tree my girl was strait.

“ She was my bean-bloom, and my honey-comb ;
“ Warmer, much warmer, than a glass of rum ;
“ To count her charms, would make a mortal sum.

“ No morn in spring was e’er so sweet and fair ;
“ No queen had ever such a graceful air ;
“ I’m sure no creature ever bore such care !”

Then rose the ploughman :—as he cross’d the plain,
A sigh each other step reveal’d his plain ;
He strove to whistle, but he strove in vain.

A SONG,



A SONG, occasion'd by omitting to present the *Critical Reviewers* *Half a Crown* (which is said to be their customary and expected Fee) upon publishing *The Bavin of Bays*.

YE Critical Judges, *Reviewers* most keen,
How has a poor *Woodman* incur'd thus your
spleen?

It is hard, very hard, that so rigid you frown,
Because the *green Author* forgot his *Half Crown*.
Derry down, down, &c.

He foolishly thought an impartial Review
Would have been ingenuous, and candid, and true;
But, a Novice to all the stale Tricks of the Town,
He thought so, is d——d, and may keep his *Half
Crown*.

Derry down, &c.

Contemptible stuff! set the *Bavin* on fire!
“ Let all such *trite Common-place* quickly expire
“ This *Minor*'s a *Minimus*, lost to renown;
“ For see, the poor dog has forgot his *Half Crown*.
Derry down, &c.

“ A poor stupid catchpenny ! meer *modern* hash !
 “ Prose fairly run mad ! most illiterate trash !
 “ Not one sprig of Laurel shall circle his crown,
 “ Because he denies us our wonted *Half Crown* ! ”
 Derry down, &c.

Thus spoke the *stern Critics*, and call'd upon Fame,
 In succeeding Review, for to publish his shame !
 In succeeding Review to dispel his renown,
 Who would fain court the Muses without *Half a Crown*.
 Derry down, &c.

Now, pensive and sad, he laments his hard case,
 And turns from *Parnassus* his pitiful face.
 They laugh at his Poesy thro' country and town,
 And swear his *Three Shillings** an't worth *Half a Crown*.
 Derry down, &c.

However, dear sages, since now he has learnt
 That, if he don't *buy* you, he's sure to be *burnt*,
 Once more let him try your fair path to renown,
 To prove your *Sal Atticum's* all *Half a Crown* !
 Derry down, down, &c.

* Price of the Book.



